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PREFACE TO THE TEACHER

This book, Reader VII, is the final work of the New Method Readers; a series based on a carefully graded selection of the commonest English words. It is the eighth book of the series (counting the Primer). "The Vicar of Wakefield" has been selected for use as Reader VII because (1) it employs a wide and useful vocabulary; and (2) it is simple and light in plot. It has been abridged and the vocabulary adapted so that 471 new words are taught beyond those already learnt in Readers I to VI. The meanings of these new words may all be inferred by simple etymology, or from their context. The book is therefore an *Inferential Reader*. The story has been so rewritten as to contain no ideas difficult or unfamiliar to the non-European reader.

In using this Reader, the main emphasis should be placed on Inference and Word-study (see the Note to the Class, below). Mere reading for content should be subsidiary to these objects.

I. The class should first read the section silently and get a general idea of the substance; also answer questions on the substance. (Questions are not supplied; the teacher may devise them himself.)

II. They should then write down what they consider to be the meanings of the unknown words. (Bracketed words may usually be neglected, since they are all so closely related to known words that their meaning is obvious.)

III. They may then turn to the "Meanings of New Words," given at the end, and see how far their guesses have been right; and also study the discussion of the new words given there.

PRONUNCIATION SIGNS

For the method of using the signs, see "How to Use the New Method Readers: A Teacher's Handbook."

Sign used in this book.	Phonetic Symbol.	Example.
1	i	*as in* It : *long vowel* Queen 1 11
2	e	Red 2
3	æ	Cat 3
4	a	Father 44
5	ɔ	Not, Saw 5 55
6	o·	Low 67
7	u	Good, Food 7 77
8	ʌ	Up 8
9	ə	The, Bird 9 99

Similarly diphthongs :—

Rain, Fine, One, *etc.*
21 41 78

Consonants :—

8	S	City 8
s	ʃ (sh)	Sure s
z	ʒ	Measure z
J	dʒ	Giant J
F	f	Enough F
•	Silent, *e.g.* Caught (Caut) • •	
v	Voiced, *e.g.* Houses (Houzes) v	

Accent :—

Re*mem*ber: the accent is on mem. Wher*ev*er: the accent is on ev.

NOTE

(To be read by the class)

You know all the words in this book, except those which are printed in this way: **Unknown**;— and those you will be able to guess.

The purpose of this book is to teach you the art of guessing the meaning of unknown words. So, whenever you meet an unknown word, try to get its meaning without looking it up.

1. In the first place see if it has a prefix or a suffix which you know.
2. If it has not, read on a little and see if the general sense of the page gives you the meaning.
3. Next say (or write), as nearly as you can, what the unknown word means.
4. Then (*and not till then*) look up the word at the end of this book and find out how far you have been right.

Example 1. DECADENT.

"The family was **decadent**; its former wealth and glory had departed."

You have learnt the meanings of the prefixes and suffixes (De-, -ent, *etc.*) in Reader VI.

De- means either "Down" (as in 'Descend'); or it may mean "Thoroughly" (as in 'Describe'). Most often it means "Down."

-ent is adjective-forming: (*e.g.* 'To depend' means "to hang from"; 'dependent' means "Hanging from."

De-cad-ent = Down-cad-ing: what does '-cad-' mean? We do not know; but the sense of the whole sentence is that the family is 'going down,' is not

as good as it was. So we guess that Decadent means "Going down," or "Falling down," or something of that sort. And we are right!

Example 2. SLED.

"He put his bag of clothes and some food for the journey in the sled; then he got into the sled himself, and the four horses pulled it smoothly away over the hard frozen snow."

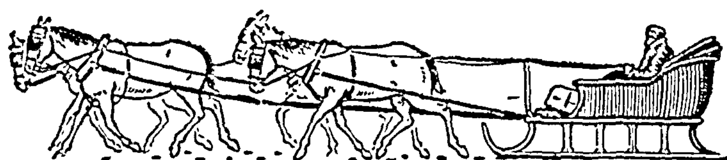
What is a "sled"?

There is no prefix or suffix to help: we must just guess. It seems to be a thing in which you travel; and it is pulled by horses. Probably it is some sort of carriage. It "moves smoothly over the snow." It seems to be some sort of carriage which is used in travelling over the snow. Quite right: it is a carriage without wheels which slides over the surface of the snow on 'runners.' You will see a picture of a sled on the next page.

* * * * * * *

So you see that it is really quite easy to read a book even if you do not know the meanings of all the words and have no dictionary to look them up in!

TABLE OF CONTENTS



SLED

THE NEW METHOD READERS

THE VICAR[1] OF WAKEFIELD



CHAPTER 1

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY

A

Population,	*Vicar,*	(Excel),	*Fat i* gue
	1 9	[*cf.* Excellent]	9 11 ••

I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service to the population than he who continued single and only talked about population: for large families increase the population,

[1] A vicar is a priest. Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, was the priest of the village of Wakefield.

> **The meaning of every new word can be guessed if you look carefully**

but mere talking about adding to the numbers of our people does not.

For this reason, only a year after I had become a priest I began to think seriously of marriage. I chose my wife as she chose her wedding gown, not for a beautiful surface, but for such qualities as wear well. She was a good-natured and well-bred woman; and as for cooking, few could excel her.

We loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing which could make us angry with the world or with each other. We had a good house in a beautiful part of the country. Being in the country we lived a simple life. The year was spent in simple amusements, in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear; and, although we were sometimes weary with pleasure, or slightly **fatigued** from our enjoyments, yet we had no unpleasant fatigues, nor ever more fatigue than a good night's sleep would remove.

B

Kinship, (Kinsman), (Troublesome), Get rid of, Butter-fly, Orchard, Squire, Sermon

As we lived very near the road, the traveller or the stranger often visited us to taste our home-made wine, for which we had a great name; and I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our friends remembered their friendship; and our cousins too, however distant, remembered their **kinship** and came very often to see us. Some of these **kinsmen** did us no great honour by these claims of relationship, for we had blind persons, and persons unable to walk amongst their number. And some were **troublesome** guests, and I would have been glad to **get rid of** them,—but

The meaning of every new word can be guessed if you use common-sense

my wife always insisted that, as they were kinsmen of the same flesh and blood as we, they should sit with us at the same table. So, though we had not very rich friends, we had generally very happy friends about us. Indeed, this saying remains true through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he is with his entertainment. And as some men gaze with admiration at the colour of a flower or the beautiful colours on the wing of a butterfly tasting honey among the blossoms, so was I by nature an admirer of happy human faces.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness. We sometimes had those little troubles which Fortune sends to increase the value of its favours. The apples on the trees in my apple-orchard were often stolen by schoolboys; and the milk in our kitchen was drunk by the cats. The Squire (who was the owner of all the land in our neighbourhood) would sometimes fall asleep in the most beautiful parts of the sermon which I preached in the church; or his lady would give no proper return to my wife's civil greeting on our way thither. But we soon recovered from the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder why they had vexed us.

C

Hard-y, De-cline, Court-i-er, (Debt-or), Inter-val

My children were educated without softness, so they were well-formed and healthy. My sons were hardy and active; my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the support of my declining years, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg. During King Henry the Second's journey through Germany other courtiers came

with their treasures and presented them to their ruler. Count Abensberg brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his King as the most valuable offering he had to give. In this manner, though I had but six children, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and looked upon the country as my **debtor.**

Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her Aunt Grissel; but my wife, during her confinement, had been reading fanciful stories, and insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name. But a rich relation desired that she should be called Sophia. So we had two fanciful names in the family. Moses was our next. Then, after an **interval** of twelve years, we had two sons more.

D

Fruit-less,	**Aye,**	**Topic,**
(God-d-ess),	**Profession,**	**(Law-y-er)**

It would be **fruitless** to deny my joy when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and pleasure of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors said, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country," she would answer, "Aye, indeed, neighbour, Heaven has made them handsome enough. May they also be good enough: for 'handsome is as handsome does'." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads,—and they were certainly very handsome.

The mere outside appearance of my children is so trifling a thing that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it, if it had not been the general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now eighteen, had the rich beauty of a Greek **goddess**; her face was open, full of life, and commanding. Sophia's features did not seem so beautiful at first, but they were often more charming as one came to know them better.

As their faces were different, so also were they different in temper. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia desired to secure one. Olivia entertained me with her brightness when I was gay; Sophia entertained me with her sense when I was serious.

My eldest son, George, was educated at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the "learned professions"—such as doctor, priest, or lawyer. My second boy, Moses, whom I intended for business, received a varied sort of education at home.

CHAPTER 2

FAMILY MISFORTUNES

A

(Misfortune), A fortune, *Bach*elor,
(Un-lawful), Recommend

The money matters of our family were committed to my wife's management: as to religious matters, I took them entirely under my own direction. The money which I received as vicar was only thirty-five pounds a year, and I gave it to help the families of poor clergy; for, having my own fortune of several thousand pounds, I felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty as vicar without payment.

I wished to know all the people living in my area. I therefore visited them all. I urged the married men to live virtuous lives, and the bachelors to get married to good wives. So in a few years it was a common saying that there were three strange wants in Wakefield—a priest wanting pride, young bachelors wanting wives, and inns wanting drinkers.

Marriage was always one of the topics on which I loved to speak, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness; but there was one belief which I supported most strongly—that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second.

It was perhaps from hearing marriage so often recommended by me, that my eldest son, just after leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, Mr. Wilmot, and desired to marry her. Mr. Wilmot held a high office in the Church, and could give his daughter a large fortune. But her fortune was not the only thing which recommended her to us. Miss Arabella Wilmot was considered by all to be extremely pretty. She had health, youth, and innocence, and her skin was so clear, and the expression of her face was so happy, that even the aged could not look upon her unmoved.

B

Pre-cede, Concert, A pack of cards

Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement of money on my son; so he was not averse to the marriage. So both families lived together in that friendliness which generally precedes an alliance of two families by marriage. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship preceding marriage are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period for them.

The various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awakened in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a-hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner were given by the ladies to dress and study.

At dinner my wife took the lead in the conversation; for she always insisted upon helping us to every dish herself, and she gave us at the same time the history of each dish, how it had been cooked and where she had obtained the materials.

After dinner the girls sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, would give us a very agreeable concert,—both playing on musical instruments and singing.

After that the rest of the day was spent in walking out, in drinking tea, in country dances, and indoor games.

We never played at cards, for I hate all playing of games for money. Those fifty-two cards which make a pack have ruined more than fifty-two thousand homes and fortunes; and, though they are but pieces of paper, they are rightly called by some "The Devil's bricks."

C

Favour-ite, Discuss(-ion), Argue (Argument)
44 • 17

Some months passed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the wedding of the young



"THE BUSY IMPORTANCE OF MY WIFE"

couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding I need not describe the busy importance of my wife; in fact, my attention was fixed on another object,—the completing of a book which I intended

shortly to print and publish in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this book as a masterpiece, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to my old friend, Mr. Wilmot. I had no doubt of receiving his approval. Not till too late did I discover that he was a very strong believer in the opposite opinion,—and with good reason, for he was at that time actually courting his fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a fierce discussion, which nearly ended in a quarrel, and tended to break off our intended alliance. But, on the day before that fixed for the wedding, we agreed to discuss the subject fully and in a friendly manner.

The discussion was managed with proper spirit on both sides. He argued that my opinion was not supported by the learned writers and authorities of the Church. I argued that it was. He argued again, and I replied to his arguments.

D

Return, (Beg-g-ar), Incline

Just at the moment when the discussion was hottest, I was called out of the room by one of my relatives. With a grave face he advised me to give up the discussion, at least till my son's wedding was over.

"What!" cried I, "give up the cause of truth when he is almost driven to yield! You might as well advise me to give up my fortune, as advise me to give up my argument!"

"As for your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you that it is almost nothing. The merchant in London in whose hands your money was lodged has fled, having lost all his own money—and yours. I was unwilling to shock you or the family till after the wedding; but now it may serve to cool your warmth in the argument;—for I suppose that you will conceal this news at least till your son has the young lady's fortune securely in his hands."

"Well," returned I, "if what you tell me is true, and if I am to be as poor as a beggar in the streets, it shall never

make me a thief—or lead me to disown my principles. I'll go at this moment and inform the company of my circumstances. But, as for the argument, I shall now take back all the points which I yielded in the old gentleman's favour in our discussion."

It would be an endless task to describe the different feelings of both families when I made known the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to suffer.

As a result of our discussion, Mr. Wilmot was rather leaning towards a quarrel with us. He had before this seemed rather inclined to break off the match; he was by this news quite determined to do so. When a tower already inclines to one side, a slight push by the wind of Fortune may make it fall right over.

CHAPTER 3

A CHANGE OF SCENE

A

Poverty, Fort-night, Salary

The only hope of our family now was that the report of our misfortunes might be untrue; but a letter from my lawyer in London soon came, saying that all of it was entirely correct.

The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only anxiety I felt was for my family, for they must now learn to be poor, but they had not learned what poverty means, nor how to suffer poverty and yet be contented.

Some ten days, or even a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their grief; for grief checked too soon remains longer in the memory. During this interval my thoughts were busy on some future means of supporting

them. At last I was offered a place as vicar on a salary of fifteen pounds a year in a distant neighbourhood. This offer I joyfully accepted, and determined to increase my salary by *managing a little farm.*

My next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune. When all debts had been paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds, we had only four hundred remaining. My chief duty, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their new circumstances—for there is no one more unhappy than one who is a beggar, and yet proud.

B

Prudent (Prudence), **Humble,** **Gentility,**
Take leave of, **Guinea,** [*cf.* Gentleman]
1·
Right-eous, **Land-lord**

"You cannot be ignorant, my children," said I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune. It was not any imprudence of mine which lost me my fortune, but the imprudence of the merchant, and his lack of wisdom and care. Yet prudence may do much to lessen the effects of our loss. We are now poor, and, if we are wise and prudent, we shall suit ourselves to our **humble** circumstances. The rich may be proud, but those who are poor must learn to be humble. Many of the rich are unhappy in spite of their splendours: let us therefore give up our past splendours and seek to live happy peaceful lives in our humbler circumstances. The poor live happily: why should we not learn to live happily like them? Let us from this moment give up all pretence of wealth and gentility. We have still enough money left for happiness, if we are wise. If we lack fortune, let us have the greater wealth of contentment."

As my eldest son had received a good education, I determined to send him to London, where he might be able to earn enough to support himself and to assist us.

The separation of friends and families is perhaps one of

the most distressful results of poverty. The day soon arrived on which we were to separate for the first time. My son, with sad farewells, took leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses. Then he came to ask a blessing from me. This blessing I gave him from my heart; and this blessing, added to five guineas (£5 5s. 0d.), was all the fortune I had to give him.

"You are going, my boy," said I, "to London. Take this Holy Book. It will be your comfort on the way: remember these two lines in it—'I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his children begging their bread.' Let this be your comfort as you travel on. Whatever be your fortune, let me see you once a year. Still keep a good heart. Farewell."

As he possessed honesty and honour, I had no fears in throwing him into the theatre of life, for I knew that he would act a good part, whether he were conquered or victorious.

My son's departure only prepared the way for our own, which happened a few days afterwards.

The first day's journey brought us within thirty miles of our future home. We stayed the night at a small inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I asked the inn-keeper to sit with us after dinner. He agreed. He knew the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord and squire, and who lived within a few miles of the place. He described the squire as a man who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly noted for his fondness for the ladies. He was successful in winning the hearts of the ladies, but was always unfaithful to them. This account gave me some pain; but it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching victory; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their charm and their virtue.

C

(Host-ess), Policeman, Charity,
(Charitable), Entreat, (Re-pay)

While our thoughts were thus employed the hostess entered the room to inform her husband that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, had no money and could not pay his bill.

"No money!" replied the host. "That is impossible, for only yesterday he paid three guineas to the policeman to spare a poor old soldier who was to be whipped for dog-stealing."

The hostess, however, said that it was true, and he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would get his money in one way or another; but I begged him to bring the stranger to me, for he must be a man of much charity to have done so generous an act in the case of the old soldier.

He agreed, and brought into the room a gentleman of about thirty years of age. His clothes had once been good. His body was well-formed, and his face was marked with lines of thinking.

When the inn-keeper left the room, I could not avoid expressing my sorrow to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such sad circumstances, and I offered him whatever money he needed to satisfy the present demand.

"I take your money with all my heart, sir," replied he. "I am glad that my carelessness in giving away all the money I had with me has shown me that there are still some men like you,—men so generous and so charitable. I must, however, entreat you to inform me of the name and address of my benefactor, in order that I may repay him as soon as possible. I beg you to tell me your name."

I told him my name and also my late misfortunes, and the place I was going to.

"This," he cried, "happens even more luckily than I hoped for; for I am going the same way myself. I have been detained here two days by the floods, but I hope that by to-morrow the river will be passable."

I told him that I should have much pleasure in his company; and I entreated him to stay to supper. My wife and daughters joined in my entreaty, and he agreed to do so.

D

(Foot-path), Borrow, Benevolence (Benevolent), *Liberal* (*Liberality*), Re-store, Moderate

The stranger's conversation was at once pleasing and instructive: it made me wish to have more of it; but it was high time to retire to bed and get rested against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set out together. My family was on horse-back, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the footpath by the road-side.

As the floods had not yet gone down, we were obliged to hire a guide, who went on in front of us, while Mr. Burchell and I came in the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical discussions. One thing surprised me. It will be remembered that Mr. Burchell had borrowed money from me. It is usual, when one has borrowed money from a man, to be rather polite and respectful to the lender,—even a little humble. But Mr. Burchell gave his opinions with such force, as if he had been the lender and I the borrower!—He also told me to whom the different big houses belonged that lay within our view as we travelled along the road.

"That," cried he, pointing to a very fine house, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill. He is a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, but he is entirely dependent on the good-will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill. Sir William is content with little himself, and permits his nephew to enjoy the rest. Sir William lives in London."

"What!" cried I, "is my young landlord the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and peculiarities are so widely known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, and one of the

strangest, men in the kingdom—a man of the greatest **benevolence.**"

"Perhaps too much so," replied Mr. Burchell. "He carried benevolence to an excess when young; he was too **benevolent.** The slightest distress, whether real or pretended, touched his heart. His **liberal** gifts to others became too great for his fortune. When his fortune became less, he found that those friends whom his **liberality** had gathered round him were unworthy of esteem. Not money, but the gift of a man's own heart must be given to gain the heart of another. I now found that—that . . . I forget what I was going to say. In short, he made a plan to restore his fallen fortune; for some time he travelled through Europe on foot, spending almost nothing. As a result, though he has now scarcely reached the age of thirty, his wealth is greater than ever before. And he has learnt to be **moderate**: he does not sympathise with distress too much,—nor too little; and his gifts are moderate,—neither too great nor too small."

E

Rescue

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account that I scarcely looked forward as we went along. Suddenly we were alarmed by the cries of my family. I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream. She had been thrown from her horse and was struggling with the current. Already she had sunk twice. I could not dismount in time to save her. Moreover, my feelings were so great that I could not even make an attempt to rescue her. She must certainly have perished, had not my companion perceived her danger and jumped in to the rescue. With some difficulty he brought her in safety to the opposite shore.

The rest of the family crossed the stream further up and got safely over. On the other bank we had an opportunity of adding our thanks to those of my daughter. Her grati-

tude may be more readily imagined than described. She thanked her rescuer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm.

We dined together at the next inn. Then, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took his leave.

We proceeded on our journey. My wife said that she liked Mr. Burchell extremely, and, if only he had sufficiently good birth and sufficient fortune to marry into such a fine family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner be pleased to accept.

I could not but smile, hearing her talk in this proud manner; but I was never much displeased with those harmless self-deceptions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAPTER 4

OUR HUMBLE HOME

A

Cultivate, **(Music-ian),** **Wit (Witty),**

Acre, **Storey**

We had not many neighbours at our new home—and those were farmers. They owned the land which they **cultivated**, and for this reason they cultivated it well, and had good crops. They knew nothing of great wealth,—nor yet of poverty. They seldom visited the towns, for they were able to provide for themselves all the ordinary necessities of life, and they needed no more.

Hearing of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their new minister. All were dressed in their finest clothes, and a band of *musicians* went before them. A feast was provided for our reception, at which we cheerfully sat down. The conversation at table was not witty, for these simple people had not the education to make good jokes or to play with words; but they were very ready

to laugh at the slightest cause. So what the conversation lacked in wit, it made up in laughter.

Our little house stood at the foot of a sloping hill; it was sheltered by a beautiful wood behind, and in front of it was a river. My farm consisted of twenty acres (96,800 square yards in all) of excellent land.

Our former house had two storeys, the bedrooms being upstairs, the sitting-room and kitchen and other rooms below. Our new home consisted of only one storey; so there were no stairs to go up and down. The walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters promised to adorn them with pictures of their own drawing.

B

Parlour, (44 9) **Shelf,** **Kneel (Knelt),** (2)

Hearth, (44) **(Talk-ative)**

In our former house we had a parlour, in which we gathered for conversation or music after dinner. In our new home the same room served both as parlour and as kitchen—but that only made the room warmer. Moreover, it was kept with the greatest neatness; the dishes and plates were all clean and bright, and all disposed in rows upon wooden shelves fixed to the walls. And there were other shelves on which to keep the cups, glasses, cooking pots, and such things.

There were three other rooms, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, and a third for the rest of the children.

Our days were passed in the following manner. By sunrise we all assembled in our parlour and very politely said "Good-morning" to each other (for I always thought fit to keep up the forms of good-breeding). We then all knelt down on our knees and prayed to God, thanking Him for His mercy in giving us another day. My son and I then went out to work, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in preparing the breakfast

As we rose with the sun, so we never continued our labours after it had gone down. At sunset we returned home, when we were greeted by smiling looks; and a pleasant fire was burning on the hearth to warm us.

We were not without guests. Sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, came to see us, and told us all the doings of the place. Sometimes the blind musician would come, and taste our home-made wine (for we still had the art of making it, and were still famed for its goodness).

C

Fine-ry, Coach, Inter-rupt, Becoming, Waist-coat
9 67

Sunday was indeed a day of finery. Though I had hoped that my sermons against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I found them still fond of all their former finery; they still loved fine clothes, and pretty hats. My wife herself still had a passion for her red silk dress, because I formerly happened to say that she looked well in it.

On our first Sunday in the new home their behaviour made me ashamed. On the preceding night I had asked my girls to be dressed early for church on the next day, for I always like to reach the church before any one else. They obeyed; but, when we assembled, my wife and daughters appeared dressed out in all their former splendour,—their hair done up, their faces adorned, and their long gowns dragging on the floor behind them.

I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I had expected more wisdom. All I could do was to order my son, with an important air, to call a coach to carry us to church. The girls were amazed at this command, but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.

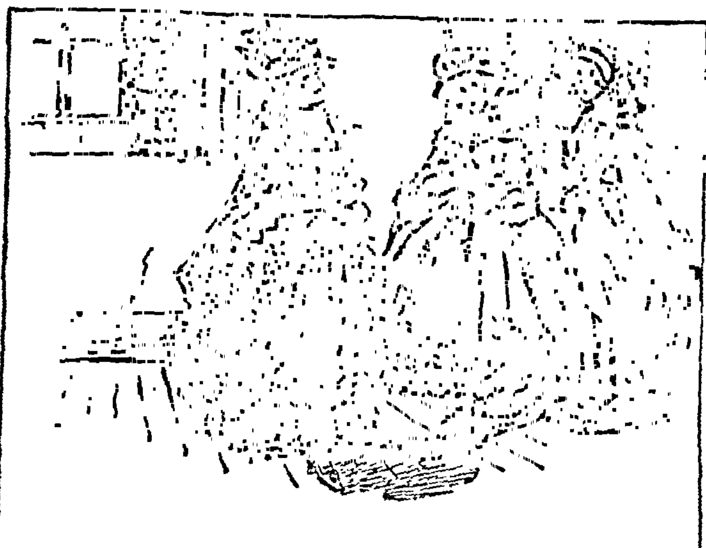
"Surely, my dear, you are joking," cried my wife; "we can walk there perfectly well; we do not need to go in a coach"

"You make a mistake, child," returned I; "we do need a coach; for, if we walk to church in all this finery, the children by the road-side will laugh and shout out at us."

"I always imagined——" began my wife.

"Call the coach!" I interrupted.

"I always imagined," continued my wife again, "that my husband liked to see his children neat and——"



"IN ALL THEIR FORMER SPLENDOUR"

"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I again; "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness: it is finery. These clothes, this dressed hair, these adorned faces will only make us hated by the wives of all our neighbours. No, my children," continued I more gravely, "these gowns must be altered to something of a plainer cut, for finery is very unbecoming in us who can hardly find the money for our necessities of dress. I do not know whether such fine clothes are becoming even in the rich, if we consider that the nakedness of all the poor people in the world might be clothed from the unnecessary ornaments and finery of the wealthy."

These words had the proper effect. My wife and my daughters went that very instant to change their dress. And, the next day, I was pleased to see my daughters cutting off the extra length of their gowns and making of the cloth waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones.

Moreover the gowns seemed improved by this shortening.

CHAPTER 5

A VISIT FROM THE GREAT

A

Exten(*d*)sive Land-scape, Guitar, Stag, Fore-most

At a small distance from my house the former vicar had made a seat, overshaded by a tree. Here, when the weather was fine, we usually sat to enjoy the view of an extensive landscape in the calm of the evening. Here too we sometimes drank tea. On these occasions our two little ones read to us, or sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sang, and played upon the strings of their guitar, while my wife and I would walk down the sloping field, bright with spring-flowers, and talk about our children, and enjoy the breeze.

It was about the beginning of the autumn, and I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag run swiftly by within about twenty paces of where we were sitting—a beautiful creature with fine spreading horns. It seemed to be hard pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to think upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind.

The huntsmen who rode foremost passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who

seemed in great haste. At last a young man, of more gentle-manly appearance than the rest, came forward. He regarded us for a time, then gave his horse to a servant who attended him, and approached us with a careless superior air.

B

Estate, Repulse, Acquainted with (Acquaintance), Applaud (Applause), Taste, Stuck, Flap

The stranger did not tell us his name or make himself known to us, but was going to greet my daughters, as if he were certain of a kind reception; but they had early been taught how to repel such boldness, and gazed at him coldly.

He then let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was the owner of the estate that lay for some distance round us—indeed a very fine estate of many hundreds of acres of land. He then again saluted the female part of the family, and (such was the power of fortune and fine clothes) he did not meet a second repulse.

As his manner of speaking, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar. Perceiving the guitar lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song.

Now I do not think it good for those who are poor to be too closely acquainted with those who are rich. We may be acquainted with their names, or so much acquainted as to bid them "Good-morning" in the street:—but no more than this. One's true friends and acquaintances should be among those of one's own rank and class.

I therefore winked at my daughters to prevent their doing as he asked; but their mother nodded to them, bidding them sing. So with a cheerful air they gave us a favourite song written by Dryden.

Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their per-form-ance and applauded loudly. He then took the guitar himself. He did not play well; however, my eldest daughter fully repaid his former applause, and told him that his tones were even louder than those of her teacher. At this praise

he bowed, and she bowed to him. He praised her good taste in music, and she praised his good understanding. If they had been acquainted with each other for years, they could not have been more friendly. Then the foolish mother, equally happy, insisted on her landlord stepping in and tasting a glass of her home-made wine. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics which they thought most modern; while Moses gave him a question or two from the ancient writers,—and was laughed at. My little ones were no less busy, and stuck close to the stranger. In spite of my attempts to prevent them, they kept touching his beautiful clothes with their dirty fingers, and lifted up the flap of his pocket to see what was under it.

At the approach of evening he took leave; but, before doing so, he asked permission to renew his visit. This—as he was our landlord—we most readily agreed to.

C

To pro*test* (A *pro*test), Discourage, Mam*ma*, Contempt(-ible) 44

As soon as he was gone my wife called a council on the results of the day. She was of opinion that it was a most fortunate "hit." She said that she had known even stranger meetings at last come to a happy ending; and that she hoped again to see the day on which we might hold up our heads with the best people in the land. She **protested** that she could see no reason why the two Miss Winkles should marry men of great fortunes and her children get none.

I protested against this argument. I said that I could see no reason for it either,—nor why Mr. Simkins got ten thousand pounds at a drawing for prizes, when we got nothing: both were equally matters of mere luck.

"I make a protest against that," cried my wife. "This is the way in which you always **discourage** my girls and me when we are in good spirits. Tell me, Sophy my dear, what

do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?"

"Immensely so, indeed, dear Mamma," replied she. "I think he has a great deal to say upon everything; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say."

"He is pleasant enough, Mamma," said Olivia, "but for my part I don't much like him: he is so extremely bold and familiar. On the guitar he is terrible!"

It was clear that these two speeches meant the opposite of what they said: Sophia secretly despised Mr. Thornhill; and Olivia secretly admired him.

"Whatever be your opinion of him," said I, "I will confess that he has not found favour with me. In spite of his ease, he seemed to remember all the time the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. All people despise and feel contempt for a man who seeks to marry a woman for the sake of her fortune; they call him a contemptible fortune-hunter. I see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be thought contemptible too. If he is an honourable man and is thinking of marriage, we shall only be contemptible fortune-hunters; and if he is not . . .! I tremble to think of that! I have no fear for the conduct of my daughters, but I think that we should fear his character."

I would have proceeded to say more but for the interruption made by a servant from the Squire, bringing a piece of meat from the stag, and a promise from the Squire to dine with us some days later. This well-timed present spoke more powerfully in Mr. Thornhill's favour than anything which I could say against him. I therefore remained silent, satisfied with having pointed out the danger, and leaving it to their own good sense to avoid it.

CHAPTER 6

THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY FIRESIDE

A

Under-take, Hospit*a*lity, Over-come, Ability

6
[*cf.* Host]

It was agreed by all that we should eat some of the meat for our supper, and the girls eagerly **undertook** the task of preparing it.

"I am sorry," said I, "that we have no neighbour to take a part in this feast. A host gets double pleasure from a feast; for he has the pleasure of the feast itself, and the pleasure of giving **hospitality** to his guest. Thus a feast gains double pleasure from hospitality."

"Bless me!" cried my wife, "here comes our good friend, Mr. Burchell, who saved our Sophia and **overcame** you in argument."

"Overcame me in argument, child!" I cried. "You are mistaken there, my dear. I believe there are but few who can do that. I have never denied your **abilities**;—you are able to look after the house; and you have great ability in cooking: I beg you not to deny my ability in argument."

As I spoke, Mr. Burchell entered the house and was welcomed by the family, who shook him by the hand, while little Dick reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship, for I knew that he needed my friendship. He was known in our neighbourhood as a poor gentleman who did no good when he was young. He would at intervals talk with great good sense, but he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call "harmless little men." He was famous for singing to them and telling them stories, and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them,—a piece of cake or a toy whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality.

B

Cock, To crow, Un-foreseen, (Christ-ian), Instance

Mr. Burchell sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her home-made wine. The tale went round from lip to lip; he sang us old songs, and told the children fairy-stories.

Our cock always crew at dawn, bidding us get up; and the same bird had a way of crowing at eleven, bidding us go



"TO HELP IN THE HAY FIELD"

to our beds. But at bed-time there was an unforeseen difficulty about lodging the stranger; all our beds were already taken up! And it was too late to send him to the nearest inn.

In this difficulty little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. "And I," cried Bill, "will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs."

"Well done, my good children," cried I, "hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. Deborah, my dear," said I to my wife, "give those boys a piece of sugar each; and let Dick's be the largest because he spoke first."

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help in the hay-field. Our guest offered his assistance—which was accepted.

I could not avoid observing the eagerness of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter, Sophia, in her part of the task in cutting and gathering the hay. When he had finished his own task, he would join in hers and enter into close conversation; but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's common sense to feel any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune.

When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited in as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to sleep that night at a neighbour's house, to whose child he was carrying a whistle.

When he was gone, our conversation at supper turned on our unfortunate guest.

"I have often spoken," said I, "of the miseries which come to a man who spends his youth in folly and wastefulness. Here is an instance of that saying,—indeed a sad example! Poor forlorn creature! Where are now the flatterers that once attended him? Those who once praised him, now laugh at him."

C

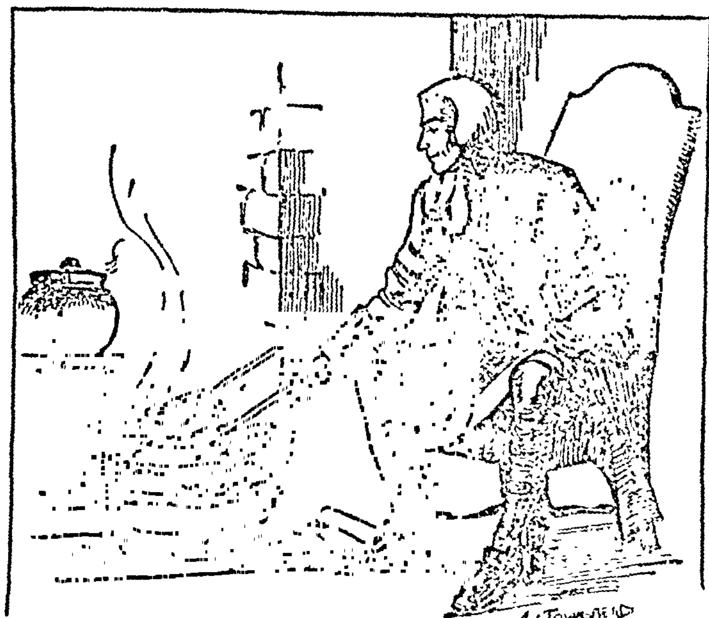
Reprove (Reproof), Strove, Poke (A poker), (Over-turn)

For some secret reasons I said these words with too much bitterness;—my Sophia gently reproved me (as I had expected).

"Whatever his former conduct may have been," said she, "it is not right to blame or reprove him now. His present poverty is a sufficient punishment for former folly. We should not give further blame or reproof to one who is already punished by God."

"I do not know, Sophia," said my son Moses, "if this man is indeed quite so miserable as my father represents him; for I never heard anyone more merry than he was to-day when he conversed with you."

This was said very innocently, but it caused Sophia to blush. She strove to hide her blush by laughing, saying that she scarcely took any notice of what Mr. Burchell said to her.



"OVERTURNED THE POT"

This blushing was a sign of which I did not approve; but I concealed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to do some cooking. Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones. My daughters also seemed to be busy. I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed that they were assisting their mother, but little Dick informed me in a whisper that they were making a "wash" for the face. I had a hatred for "washes"

of all kinds, for I knew that, instead of improving the face, they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by slow degrees to the fire. Then I grasped the poker as if to poke the fire and break up the coals to make it burn brighter. Then, as if by accident, I poked the pot containing the wash and overturned it; and it was too late to begin making another.

CHAPTER 7

A VERY WITTY GENTLEMAN

A

Chaplain, Propose (Proposal), Heart-y, Oath, Jest (Pretence)

When the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, great preparations were made, and my wife and daughters put on their gayest dress.

Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends—his chaplain[1] and another. He politely proposed that his servants (who were numerous) should go to the nearest inn; but my wife, in her eagerness, would not accept this proposal, but insisted on entertaining them all (for which reason our family had to go short of food for three weeks afterwards).

Mr. Burchell had told us on the day before that Mr. Thornhill was making proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress: this news made our welcome less hearty. But an accident set things right again. One of the company happened to mention Miss Wilmot's name: on this Mr. Thornhill cried out with a strange oath ("Strike me ugly!") that he never knew anything more foolish than calling such an ugly creature a beauty. "Strike me ugly," cried he, "I could choose a prettier girl any evening by lamp-light in the street." At

[1] A chaplain is a priest serving in a private chapel (= small church),—such as might be found in the house of a rich man, or in a school.

this jest he laughed, and so did we. (The jests of the rich are always successful in calling forth laughter.) Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had infinite humour.

After dinner I called upon the company—as was my usual custom—to drink to the health of the Church. For this I was thanked by the chaplain, for he said that the Church was the only mistress of his heart.

"No, no," cried the Squire with an oath, "a fine girl is worth more than all the priests and churches in the world. Religion is all nonsense, and a **pretence.**"

There then followed a foolish argument about religion, the Squire on one side and Moses on the other, in which the Squire with his quickness of wit easily raised a laugh against poor Moses. After that Moses sat there, the only sad figure in a group of merry faces, nor did he say a single word more during the whole entertainment.

B

Notwithstanding, Debate, Merit, In-duce, To own

Though this conversation gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour. She thought the Squire a very fine gentleman; and those who consider that a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune make a gentleman, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, **notwithstanding** his real ignorance, talked with ease as if *he had knowledge*; and, notwithstanding his real foolishness, he could speak wittily with an appearance of wisdom upon the ordinary topics of conversation. Girls are taught in their education to think much of their own appearance; it is not surprising, therefore, that they should be deceived by mere appearance in another.

Upon his departure we again entered into a **debate**—discussing and debating the **merits** of our young landlord. Some of us argued that he had great merits and possessed admirable qualities; others (among whom was I) allowed him

no merits or virtues at all. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted that she was the object which induced him to visit us. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent jests of her brother and sister on this subject. Even my wife, Deborah, herself seemed to share the glory of the day and delighted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own.

"And now, my dear," said she to me, "I'll fairly own that it was I who instructed our girls to encourage our landlord's addresses.—I freely admit it! I always had hopes, and you now see that I was right: for who knows how this may end?"

"Aye, who knows that indeed!" answered I sadly. "For my part I don't like it, and I would have been better pleased with one who was poor and honest than with this fine gentleman with his fine fortune, and unfaithfulness. No man who speaks about religion as he does shall ever have a daughter of mine!"

My wife then said that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers on religious matters, yet made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls who had skill enough to make converts of their husbands. "And who knows, my dear, what Olivia may be able to do?"

CHAPTER 8

AN UNPROMISING LOVE-AFFAIR

A

Unpromising, (Frequency), Amiable, (Simplicity), Hedge, Crumb

21 9

The next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell; this was the third visit within a few days, and I began for certain reasons to be displeased with the frequency of his return. Even the pleasantest of guests, if his visits be too

frequent, may cease to be welcome. It is true that Mr. Burchell's labour more than paid for his entertainment, for he worked with energy in the hay-field. Besides he was a very amiable man, most lovable in every way; for he had always something amusing to say, and was at once so peculiar and yet so sensible, that I loved him, laughed at him, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from his making himself too amiable to my daughter, Sophia. He would in a jesting



"OUR FAMILY DINED IN THE FIELD"

manner call her his "little mistress"; and, when he brought each of the girls a set of ribbons, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable; his wit seemed to improve; and I began to see in the simplicity of his life the highest form of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field. Our dinner was laid out on a cloth spread on the hay and we sat round. Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the meal. To height-en our pleasure two singing birds answered each other from opposite hedges. We could not see them, hidden among the

leaves of the hedges, but their sweet notes came to us. Another little bird, a Red-breast, came and ate crumbs of bread from our hands. Every sound brought peace.

B

Recite, (Reci*ta*tion), A report, Startle, Fright,
Affirm, The affirmative, (Conquest)

"I never sit thus," said Sophia, "without thinking of the two lovers so sweetly described by the poet Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so sad—and yet so beautiful in the description that I have read it a hundred times with new pleasure."

This led on to a discussion of poetry, and Mr. Burchell proceeded to recite to the company a poem which he had written himself.

This poem told of the love of Edwin and Angelina. During the recitation Sophia showed clearly her pleasure in the verse,—and showed also some signs of tender feeling towards the author. But our peace was soon disturbed by the loud report of a gun near us; and a man was seen bursting through the hedge to take up the creature he had killed. This sportsman was the Squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the singing-birds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could preceive that Sophia in her fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection.

The gentleman came up and asked pardon for having disturbed and startled us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He then sat down by my youngest daughter and, sportsman-like, offered her what he had killed that morning

"Will you accept this?" he asked.

She was going to say "No," but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct her mistake. She replied to his question in the affirmative and thanked him for his present—but unwillingly. My wife, as usual, revealed her

pride, whispering that Sophia had made a conquest of the chaplain, even as her sister had conquered the heart of the Squire. I suspected, however, that Sophia's affections were placed upon a different object.

C

Errand, Re-freshments, Reward, Miss, Partner, (Refus-al), Capable (Capability), Sex, (A spy)

"I have come on a pleasant errand," said the chaplain. "The pleasant purpose of my journey is to inform you that Mr. Thornhill has provided a table of refreshments for supper, and music for dancing. He intends giving the young ladies a dance by moonlight on the grassy lawn in front of their house.—I affirm," continued he, "that I am fortunate in being sent on this errand: the messenger is worthy of some reward. I expect for my reward to be honoured with Miss Sophy's hand as a partner in the dance."

To this my girl replied that she could not honourably promise to be his partner in the dance. "For here," she said, looking at Mr. Burchell, "is a gentleman who has been my partner and companion in the tasks of the day, and it is fit that he should be a sharer in its amusements."

Mr. Burchell thanked her for her kind thought, but said that he had to go five miles that night, being invited to a harvest supper. His refusal appeared to be a little extraordinary; nor could I conceive why so sensible a girl as my youngest daughter should prefer a man of broken fortunes to one whose expectations were much greater.

But, as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so also the ladies are most able to judge us men truly. The two sexes seem to be placed as spies upon each other. Each sex is provided with different capabilities in order that it may judge the other—that men may be capable of judging women truly, and women may be able to see the true merits of men.



"A DANCE BY MOONLIGHT ON THE LAWN"

CHAPTER 9

TWO LADIES OF GREAT DISTINCTION

A

Introduce, Object to (An objection), Quest, Shove,
To flock, Apprehend (-hensive), To catch cold,
Gross, Sweat

2·

As soon as Mr. Burchell had taken leave of us, Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain. Just then my little ones came running out to tell me that the Squire had come with a "lot of company." We found our landlord with a couple of gentlemen and two richly dressed young ladies whom he introduced to us as women of very great distinction and fashion from town.[1]

[1] "Town" (without "the") means London.

We had not chairs enough for the whole company, but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. I strongly objected to this. Hearing my objection my wife sent Moses to borrow a couple of chairs. As we were two more men than ladies for the dancing two gentlemen went with Moses in quest of a couple of partners.

Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, wearing red ribbons in their hair. But unluckily —though the Misses Flamborough were reckoned the very best dancers in the neighbourhood, and knew the steps of our local dances—yet they were totally unacquainted with the steps as danced by the Squire and his gentlemen in town. This caused some difficulty at first. However, their partners shoved the Miss Flamboroughs when they should go forward, and dragged them back; and so, with a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on.

The moon shone bright. Mr. Thornhill began the ball by dancing with my eldest daughter—to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours, hearing what was happening, came flocking to see, and stood there at the edge of the lawn, crowded together like sheep. My girl moved with so much grace that my wife could not avoid revealing the pride of her heart, and assured me that though the dear girl did it so cleverly, all the steps were learnt from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy and graceful—but without success.

After the dance had continued for about an hour, the two ladies apprehended that the night air might be dangerous, and were apprehensive of catching cold. One of them, I thought, expressed her feelings upon this occasion in a very rude and gross manner, saying, "I am all of a sweat." Indeed the night was hot for dancing, though the breeze at times was chilly. The lady's forehead was indeed moist with sweat; but such a saying sounded gross and coarse on the lips of a lady.

B

Re-fine, Put . . . in the shade, To ask a favour,
Suppress [Sub + press], To second, Sullen

We returned to the house, and found a very nice cold supper which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation was now more refined. The two ladies excelled my girls and quite "put them in the shade," for they would talk of nothing but high life in the town and of distinguished persons,—also about pictures, taste, and Shakespeare. It is true that they once or twice shocked us by slipping out an oath, but that appeared to me as the surest sign of their distinction. Their fine clothes, however, threw a veil over any grossness. Though they were such fine ladies, one of them was kind enough to say that if Miss Olivia could see a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. The other added that a single winter in London would make a great difference to little Sophia. My wife warmly agreed, and said that there was nothing she more eagerly desired than to give her girls a single winter's "polishing" in good society.

I replied that their education and breeding were already superior to their fortune; greater refinement and "polishing" in good society would only make them feel their poverty more, and give them a taste for pleasures which they had no right to enjoy.

"Surely," cried Mr. Thornhill, "those who can give so much pleasure, deserve to enjoy some pleasure also. My fortune is large. Love, liberty, and pleasure are my aims in life. If half of my estate could give the charming Olivia any pleasure, it should be hers. The only favour I would ask in return would be to add my self to the gift."

I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable way of expressing politely a base and insolent proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my anger

"Sir," cried I, "this family has been taught as *fine* a sense of honour as you. Any attempt to harm that honour

will be very dangerous. Our honour, sir, is our only possession at present; and of this last treasure we must be particularly careful."

I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, for Mr. Thornhill, grasping my hand, said that he admired my spirit, though he disapproved of my suspicions. "I protest that nothing was further from my heart than such a thought."

The two ladies then began a very serious discussion about virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I soon joined.

At last the company began to think of going home. It was the two ladies who first asked if my daughters might walk with them for a part of the way; but the Squire seconded the proposal; and my wife added her entreaties. My daughters looked towards me as if they wished to go. I made two or three objections and excuses, but my daughters still entreated, and at last I was obliged to give a flat refusal. As a result of this refusal I got nothing but sullen and angry looks and short answers from them for the whole of the next day.

CHAPTER 10

THE FAMILY RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS

A

-mas, **(Eve),** **Party,** **Goose,** **Slipper,**

3
[*cf.* Christmas] **Thump,**[1] **(Defence)**

It was Michaelmas eve. On the evening before the feast of St. Michael our neighbour, Flamborough, always gave a party to which his friends were invited, to dine and play games. Our honest neighbour's goose was a fine bird, well cooked; and the drink (called "Lamb's wool") was considered, even by my wife, to be excellent. It is true that his manner of telling stories was not quite so good; his stories were very long and very dull, and all about himself,

[1] Notice the sound of the word.

and we had laughed at them ten times before;—however we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell was also a guest of the party. He was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going on, and set the boys and girls to play "Hunt the slipper." As every person may not be acquainted with this ancient game



"HUNT THE SLIPPER"

it may be necessary to describe it. All the company (except one) seat themselves on the ground in a ring. The one (who is the hunter) takes one of her slippers off her foot, and stands in the middle. The company shove the slipper about under their knees from one to another, and it is the business of the hunter to recover her shoe. As it is impossible for the lady who is hunter to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the game lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the slipper on that side least capable of making a defence.

It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was encircled, and being thumped, and shouting for fair play, when who should enter the room but our two acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhemina Amelia Skeggs!

B

Vulgar (*Vulgarity*),	Take a fancy to,		Exalt,
Duke [0] (Duchess [8]),	Fudge,	(Dr.) [D-*octo*-r]	[55] [*cf.* Altitude]

It is impossible to describe our shame and confusion. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such a **vulgar** position. But Mr. Flamborough was himself uneducated and vulgar, a common man, and nothing else but **vulgarity** could be expected at his house.

We seemed as if turned to stone with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and, not finding us at home, came after us hither.

They sat down and began to talk. They said that they desired to have a lasting friendship with my daughters. Lady Blarney was particularly fond of Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhemina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name!) had **taken a fancy to** her sister. They then carried on the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their **exalted** breeding.

As every reader likes to read conversations of high life, with stories of Lords and Ladies and Princes and other exalted persons, I will give the concluding part of the present conversation:—

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is that it may be true, or it may not. But this I can assure you, that everyone in the room was amazed: the **Duke** turned pale; and the **Duchess** fainted; but Sir Tomkyn drew his sword."

"Well," replied Lady Blarney, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me anything about it, and I do not believe she would keep anything secret from *me*."

It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was encircled, and being thumped, and shouting for fair play, when who should enter the room but our two acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhemina Amelia Skeggs!

B

*Vulg*ar (Vulg*ar*ity), Take a fancy to, Exalt,
0 3 55
Duke (Duchess), Fudge, (Dr.) [*cf.* Altitude]
[D-*octo*-r]

It is impossible to describe our shame and confusion. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such a vulgar position. But Mr. Flamborough was himself uneducated and vulgar, a common man, and nothing else but vulgarity could be expected at his house.

We seemed as if turned to stone with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and, not finding us at home, came after us hither.

They sat down and began to talk. They said that they desired to have a lasting friendship with my daughters. Lady Blarney was particularly fond of Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhemina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name!) had taken a fancy to her sister. They then carried on the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding.

As every reader likes to read conversations of high life, with stories of Lords and Ladies and Princes and other exalted persons, I will give the concluding part of the present conversation:—

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is that it may be true, or it may not. But this I can assure you, that everyone in the room was amazed: the Duke turned pale; and the Duchess fainted; but Sir Tomkyn drew his sword."

"Well," replied Lady Blarney, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me anything about it, and I do not believe she would keep anything secret from *me*."

I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who during this conversation sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence, cried out "Fudge!" This expression displeased us all and rather spoiled the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued her Ladyship, "there's nothing about this in the verses which Dr. Burdock made upon this occasion."—*Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," said Miss Skeggs. "Can your Ladyship favour me with a sight of them?"—*Fudge!*

"Do you suppose that I carry them about with me?—I read little nowadays; my lady-companion, who reads to me, has left me to get married. I have been looking for another. A proper person is not easy to find; thirty pounds a year is a small salary for a well-bred girl of good character who can read and write and behave well in company. As for the girls in town, they do not know how to behave."—*Fudge!*

"That I know," said Miss Skeggs. "I have had three companions this half-year. One refused to do plain sewing for an hour a day. Another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third for bad conduct. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, is worth any price; but where is it to be found nowadays?"—*Fudge!*

C

Struck with, Latter, Sum, Quali-fy, Suggest (-ion), Pretty Stitch

8

My wife had been giving great attention to this conversation; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year!—She added up the sum in her head: it made £56 5s.—a large sum of money; and this money was on offer, and might easily be secured in our family. She looked towards me; and, to tell the truth, I was of opinion that two such places would

suit our daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to qualify her for her position as his wife, and to give her those qualities needed in the mistress of a great house.

"I hope," said my wife, "that your ladyships will pardon me if I make a suggestion. I suggest to you that my daughters are very well qualified to become your companions. It is natural for me to wish to put my children forward in the world. And I will be so bold as to say that my two girls have had a pretty good education; at least the country can't show better. They can read, write pretty well, and do accounts of money; they can sew many kinds of stitches with their needles, broad-stitch, cross-stitch, and plain stitching. They know something of music. My eldest can cut patterns out of paper, and my youngest is clever at telling fortunes with cards."—*Fudge!*

D

*El*oquent (-ce), Madam, Caution (Cautious)
2

This speech was a great piece of eloquence on the part of my wife; indeed I have seldom heard her speak so eloquently. The two ladies looked at each other for a few minutes with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Skeggs said that, so far as she could judge from so slight an acquaintanceship, the young ladies seemed very fit for such employment. "But an important matter of this kind, Madam," said she, addressing my wife, "requires caution and must not be decided hastily. The matter requires a thorough examination into characters;—not, madam, that I suspect the young ladies' virtue and prudence. But I am by nature cautious."

My wife approved of her caution, saying that she was cautious herself, and perhaps even suspicious: all the neighbours would speak as to the girls' character if they were asked. Her ladyship said that this was unnecessary; her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient.—And there the matter rested.

CHAPTER 11

FORTUNE SEEMS RESOLVED TO HUMBLE THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD

A

Scheme, Taken with, Obliging, Im-press, Pious (Piety)

When we returned home the night was given to schemes of future conquest: Deborah was full of plans. Even in bed my wife kept talking on the same subject. "Well, my dear Charles, I think we have done an excellent day's work."

"Pretty well," said I, not knowing what to say.

"What, only 'pretty' well!" returned she: "I think it is *very* well.—Suppose the girls make acquaintances of taste in town. This I am sure of, that London is the only place in the world for all kinds of husbands. As ladies of quality[1] are so **taken with** my daughters, what will not men of quality be? I protest, I like Lady Blarney vastly; she is so very **obliging**. However, Miss Carolina Wilhemina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But, when they came to talk of places for 'companions' in town, you saw at once how I seized the chance. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did well for my children there?"

"Yes," said I, not knowing well what to think of the matter. "Heaven grant that they may both be better for it three months from now."

This was one of those things which I say to **impress** upon my wife's mind a high opinion of my wisdom. For if they succeed, then the remark is a **pious** wish fulfilled, as if Heaven had granted my prayer; but, if anything unfortunate happens, then my remark may be looked on as a prophecy. So in either event my wife should be impressed,—either with my piety, or with my prophetic powers.

[1] "Of quality" = of high rank.

B

(Preparatory), A fair, (Weak-en), Prevail upon, (En-trust)

All this conversation was only preparatory to another scheme of my wife.

"As we are now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world," said she, "it would be proper to sell the old horse at a neighbouring **fair**, and buy a horse on which the ladies could ride, so that they might make a pretty appearance at church or on a visit." I opposed this scheme strongly; but it was as strongly defended. As I weakened, my opponent gained strength, till at last it was resolved that we should part with the old horse.

The fair was to be held on the following day. I had intended to go myself, but my wife persuaded me that I had a cold, and I could not **prevail upon** her to let me go out.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a clever boy, and can buy and sell to very great advantage; you know that all our great bargains are things which he has purchased. He argues and actually tires them out till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing to **entrust** him with this commission. On the next morning I perceived his sisters busy fitting out Moses for the fair—trimming his hair and brushing his clothes. He then mounted upon the horse, with a wooden box in front of him in which to bring home various purchases. We all followed him several paces from the door, shouting after him, "Good luck! Good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

C

A card, Regard for, Communion (Communicate), Reflection, Ut-most, Diffidence [*cf.* Confidence]

He had scarcely gone when one of the Squire's servants came with a card addressed to my two daughters, on which

it was written that the two ladies had received from Mr. Thornhill such pleasing accounts of us all that (after a few further enquiries) they hoped to be perfectly satisfied.

"Aye," cried my wife, "I now see that it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but, when one once gets in, one may go to sleep!" To this her daughters agreed with a loud laugh of pleasure.

Indeed such was her joy that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence half-penny.

The next person that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He had brought my two little ones a pennyworth of sweets each, and for my daughters a couple of boxes in which they might keep small articles or money.

We still had some regard for Mr. Burchell; though his late rude behaviour had been in some measure displeasing, yet we still felt friendship towards him.

When we communicate our troubles to a friend, we obtain his sympathy; and so our griefs are halved by being made common. When we communicate our happpiness to a friend, our joy is increased, by seeing the reflection of it in his face, as in a looking-glass. Thus by communion human griefs are diminished; and human joy is increased.

Thus we could not avoid communicating our happiness to Mr. Burchell and asking his advice.

When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that a matter of this kind demanded the utmost circumspection.

This air of diffidence greatly displeased my wife.

"You are always against my daughters and me!" she cried. "You have more circumspection than is wanted. When we need advice, we shall apply to those who have made use of good advice themselves."

"What my own conduct may have been," replied he, "is not the present question. As I have made no use of advice myself, I feel it my duty to give it to those who will make use of it."

D

To ab u se (Ab u se), Split, A strap (To strap),
9 177 z 17 s
Sly, Parcel, Rim, A gross

I was afraid that this reply might make my wife so angry that she might begin to abuse Mr. Burchell.—(For even the best people when they are angry sometimes break into vulgar abuse and say things for which they are sorry afterwards.) I therefore changed the subject. "I wonder what can keep our son so long at the fair; it is now almost night-fall."

"Never mind our son," cried my wife, "he knows what he is doing. I have seen him bring such bargains as would amaze you. I'll tell you a good story about that, which will make you split[1] your sides with laughing. But—as I live! —yonder comes Moses, without a horse; and the box is on his back."

As she spoke Moses came slowly on foot, sweating under the wooden box which he had strapped round his shoulders with two long leather straps.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses!—Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought myself," said Moses, with a sly look, resting the box on the table.

"Aye, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," said Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," replied she. "I knew you would be too sly for them. That is a good price. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," said Moses again. "I have laid out all the money in a bargain, and here it is." He pulled out a small carefully packed parcel from his breast.

[1] "The fat man's coat was too small; it split when he put it on."—"He packed the bag too tight, and the sides split."—What does "split" mean? What does "split your sides with laughing" mean?

"Here they are—twelve dozen pairs of green spectacles, with silver rims round the glass, and leather cases."

"A gross of green spectacles," repeated my wife in a faint voice. "*And you have sold the horse and brought us* back nothing but a gross of silly green spectacles!"

E

Ounce, Stuff, Imposed upon

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them as a splendid bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"Silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion. "They won't sell for half their cost at the price of broken silver, five shillings for an ounce—or sixty shillings a pound."

"You need not think about selling the rims," said I, "for they are not worth sixpence: I see they are only made of brass or copper or some such stuff, covered over with silver. But the stuff of which the cases are made is indeed leather."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! The rims are not silver!"

"No," said I, "no more silver than your copper cooking-pot."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the horse and only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and leather cases. The boy has been **imposed upon**. Curse the fool for bringing me such stuff. If I had them, I would throw them into the fire."

"There you are wrong, my dear," said I, "for though they be but copper, we will keep them; for copper spectacles are better than nothing."

F

(Undeceived), Cheat, Prey, Secur(e)-ity, Dispose of

By this time the unfortunate Moses was **undeceived.** He saw that he had been imposed upon by some dishonest

fellow, some cheat such as is often found in the market-places. Seeing his country-dress the cheat had seen that here was an easy prey—just as a lion seeks for its prey a helpless sheep.

He sold the horse, he told us, and walked about the fair in search of another. A respectable-looking man brought him to a tent, saying he had a horse to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds, giving two gross of spectacles as security for the money. Then he said that, as he wanted money, he would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let such a good offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me. And so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

CHAPTER 12

MR. BURCHELL IS FOUND TO BE AN ENEMY

A

Endeavour, Take advantage of, Impressively, Dispute, Dissuade, In-flame, Quit
[*cf.* Persuade]

Our family had now made several **endeavours** to be fine; but each attempt had ended unsuccessfully. I endeavoured to **take advantage of** every disappointment, using it to improve the good sense of my children.

"You see, my children," said I, "how little is to be gained by endeavours to pretend to be better than we are. Such as are poor but will associate only with the rich, are hated by the poor whom they avoid, and despised by the rich whom they follow."

I told then a story about a Giant and a Dwarf in order to teach this moral more **impressively**.

Just as I came to the end of it I noticed a warm dispute going on between my wife and Mr. Burchell: they were arguing about my daughter's intended visit to town, and were very near quarrelling. My wife very strongly insisted upon the advantages which would result from it: Mr. Burchell was dissuading her; and I gave no opinion. The dispute grew higher, and poor Deborah, instead of reasoning more strongly, talked louder. The conclusion of her speech was highly displeasing to us all.

"I know of some," cried she, "who have their own secret reasons for what they advise: but, for my part, I wish that such persons would stay away from my house for the future."

"Madam," said Burchell, with such calmness as tended only to inflame her more, "as for secret reasons, you are right. I have secret reasons, which I do not mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret. But I find that my visits here have become troublesome. I'll therefore take my leave now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell, before quitting the country,—for I intend to leave England very soon."

Thus saying, he took up his hat: nor could the attempts of Sophia (whose sad looks reproved him for his haste) prevent him from quitting the house.

B

As-sur(e)ance, Harsh, Motive, Pro-spect (-ive), Reflection, (Quit of)

When Mr. Burchell had gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove hard to hide her regret with a forced smile and an air of assurance. I reproved her for this harshly.

"How! woman!" cried I to her, "is it thus that we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? T'

were the harshest, cruellest words, and to me the most unpleasing, that ever passed your lips."

"Why, then, did he make me angry?" replied she. "But I know what desire moved him to give me that advice: his motive was clear enough. His motive was to prevent my daughters going to town, so that he could have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he."

"'Low-lived' did you call him?" cried I; "it is very possible that we may mistake this man's character; for he seems upon some occasions the most perfect gentleman I ever knew. Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his affection?"

"His conversation with me, sir," replied my daughter, "has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to anything else,—no, never. Once, indeed, I remember to have heard him say that he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor."

"Such, my dear," replied I, "is the common talk of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be madness to expect happiness from one who has managed his own happiness so badly. Your mother and I look forward to better things for you: we have now better prospects for your marriage. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice of a prospective husband."

What were the reflections in Sophia's mind upon this occasion, I cannot guess. But I was not displeased that we were quit of a guest from whom I had so much to fear.

CHAPTER 13

MISHAPS MAY BE BLESSINGS

A

Mis-hap, [*cf.* Happen]	**Dispense with** **Transaction,** **(World-ly)**	**(Indispensable),** **(Mercantile),** [*cf.* Merchant]	**Plough** 47 ..

The journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon. Mr. Thornhill kindly promised to watch their conduct himself, and to inform us by letter about their behaviour.

It was thought **indispensably** necessary that my daughters should be provided with fine clothes: for those who move among fine ladies and fine gentlemen cannot **dispense with** fine dresses. These dresses were going to cost much money. We debated, therefore, in a full council of the family what were the easiest ways of raising money,—which of our possessions could we most easily dispense with, so that it might be sold to get the money.

The debate was soon finished. It was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the **plough** without his companion;—for two horses are indispensably necessary to drag a plough through our heavy soil and make the earth ready for the seed. The horse was equally unfit for use on the road,—as it lacked one eye. We therefore determined that we should dispose of him at the neighbouring fair. In order that we might not be imposed upon by any cheat again, I would go with the horse myself, and manage the **transaction**—of selling the beast and getting the proper price for him.

Though this was one of the first **mercantile** transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt that I should do it successfully. Indeed I had conceived a very favourable opinion of my **worldly** wisdom.

However, next morning, after I had gone some paces from the door, my wife called me back and advised me in a whisper to "have all my eyes about me."

B

Trot, Gallop, Customer, Situated, (Enlarge-d)

When I came to the fair I showed off my *horse*; I "put him through his paces," showing how well he could walk and **trot**, and how fast he could **gallop**. But for some time I had no **customers**. (Of what use is a seller if he has no customers!)

At last a customer approached; he examined the horse for a good while, and, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him. I was well **situated** in the fair, being placed in a part where there were many persons passing to and fro. A second customer soon came up; but he found that the horse had a swelling on the leg and declared that he would not take it as a gift. A third customer perceived that the joint of the foot was **enlarged**, and he would offer no money. A fourth knew by the horse's eye that he had a disease called "The Botts." A fifth wondered what I was doing at the fair with a blind, diseased beast that was only fit to be cut up to make dog's meat.

By this time I myself began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal, and almost felt ashamed at the approach of every customer. For, although I did not entirely believe all that the men told me, yet I reflected that, where so many witnesses agreed, there was a strong likelihood that they were right.

C

(Situation), Intent on, Revere (Reverence), Venerable, Apology (Apologize)

I was in this miserable **situation** when a brother-clergyman, an old acquaintance who had also business at the fair, came up and shook me by the hand. He proposed that we should go to a Public House (an inn) and take a glass of wine. I readily closed with the offer. We entered a Public House, and were led into a little back room, where there was sitting an old man. He sat wholly **intent on** a book.

I was filled with awe and reverence at the sight of him. I never saw a figure so venerable, so worthy of my reverence and respect. His silver grey hair venerably shaded his forehead, and his fresh old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence.

However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation. My friend and I discussed the various turns of Fortune we had met, various clerical matters, my last book; and a reply which had been written to it.

Our attention was then taken by a youth who entered the room and respectfully said something softly to the old stranger

"I am sorry for troubling you," said the youth as he concluded. "I apologize for doing so."

"Make no apology, my child," said the old man. "To do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures. Take this; I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome to have it."

D

Re-sume, (Courageous), Sincere, Curious, (Curiosity), Instantaneous

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude; and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have kissed the good old man, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation. Then my companion, remembering that he had some business to transact in the fair, went away,—but promised to come back soon, adding that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible.

The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time. When my friend was gone he respectfully asked if I was a relation of "the great Primrose, the courageous up-holder of the rule that the clergy should marry once only,—that great defender of the Church."

Never did my heart feel a truer or sincerer happiness

than at that moment. His pleasure at meeting me seemed so genuine, so sincere, so real. "Sir," cried I, "it is indeed a happiness to receive the applause of so good a man. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose whom you have been pleased to call 'great'."

"Sir," cried the stranger, "I was most curious, and desired to know if it could be you indeed. I apologize for my curiosity."

"Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are far from displeasing me. I beg that you will accept my friendship."

"With gratitude I accept that offer," cried he, still holding my hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken religion; and do I behold——"

I here interrupted what he was going to say. For, though as an author I can swallow no small amount of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in a story ever formed a more instantaneous friendship.

E

Refer, Scholar, Mild, In-sensibly, Note, (Scarc-ity)

We talked upon various subjects. In my conversation I **referred** to men's loss of interest in religious questions. He then spoke about the creation of the world, referring to various Greek and Latin authors in support of his ideas. "You talk of the world, sir," said he; "the world is in its old age. And yet the creation of the world has been a mystery to the philosophers of all time . . ." So he continued, but his words did not seem to refer very closely to the subject on which I had been speaking. Yet what he said was sufficient to show me that he was a scholar,—and a very learned scholar too, and I venerated him even more.

I was resolved therefore to test his scholarship in debate; but he was too mild, and too gentle to attempt to gain a victory in argument. Whenever I said anything which called for a reply from him, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing—by which I understood that he could say

much, if he thought proper. The conversation therefore insensibly moved from religious topics to that business which brought us to the fair: indeed I hardly noticed the change of subject. I told him that my business was to sell a horse; very luckily his business was to buy a horse.

My horse was soon produced, and we made a bargain.

Nothing remained now but to pay me. He pulled out a thirty-pound note and asked me to change it for gold. As I was not able to do so, he called for his servant. A well-dressed servant made his appearance.

"Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you will do it at neighbour Jackson's, or anywhere."

While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic speech on the great scarcity of silver. I replied by regretting also the great scarcity of gold. By the time Abraham had returned we had both agreed that money was never so difficult to obtain as at the present time.

F

Half-a-crown,	**Make a deal,**	**Draft,**	**To sign,**
Rogue,	**Rascal,**	**Villain,**	**Groan**

Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair but could not get change for the note, though he had offered half-a-crown (2s. 6d.) for doing it. This was a great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one, Solomon Flamborough, in my part of the country. I replied that he was my next-door neighbour.

"If that be the case," returned he, "I believe we can make a deal. You shall have a draft (draught) upon him, so that you may draw the money from him so soon as you give him my paper. And, let me tell you, he is as good a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years."

A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money, for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability to pay. Mr. Jenkinson (the old gentleman) wrote out the draft and

signed his name; then he and his man Abraham trotted off with my old horse, very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval of reflection I began to realize that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger. So I prudently resolved to follow the purchaser and get back my horse. But it was now too late. I therefore went straight homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's house as soon as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his door. I informed him that I had a small bill (or draft) drawn upon him. He read it over twice.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson."

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman,—the worst rogue under heaven, the most dishonest rascal and cheat. This is the very same villain who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man with grey hair and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a lot of learned stuff about Greek and the creation of the world?"

A deep groan escaped my lips. Hearing this sound of distress, my friend gave me a glance of pity.

G

Naughty,	**Malevolent,**	**Malicious**
55 • •	[*cf.* Benevolent]	[*cf.* Malevolent]

"Aye," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it whenever he finds a scholar in his company. But I know the rogue and will catch him yet."

Although I was already sufficiently ashamed of myself, my greatest struggle was to come,—in facing my wife and daughters. As a naughty boy is afraid of returning to school there to behold the school-master's angry face, so was I afraid of going home.

But, alas, upon entering the house I found the family in no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears; for Mr. Thornhill had been there that day to inform

them that the plan for their journey to town was entirely ended. The two ladies had heard bad reports of us from some **malevolent** and evil-minded person, and had that day set out for London. He could not discover what those reports had said, nor who was the **malicious** author of them; but, whatever they might be, or whoever might have said them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that the family bore my disappointment with great calmness and resignation—since it was eclipsed by their own greater sorrow. But what worried us most was to think who could be so base as to speak evil of the character of a family so harmless as ours, too humble to excite envy, too inoffensive to create dislike.

CHAPTER 14

ALL MR. BURCHELL'S VILLAINY IS DISCOVERED

A

Engage (-ment), Engage attention

That evening and a part of the following day was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies. There was scarcely any family in the neighbourhood that did not incur our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinions.

While we were in this doubt, one of our little boys, who had been playing outside, brought in a letter-case which he had found on the grass. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell with whom it had been seen. It contained some notes upon different subjects, dates upon which he was **engaged** to see certain persons, and the names of the persons he had promised to see; various other **engagements** were also noted there. But what particularly **engaged our attention** was a sealed letter, on which was written·

The copy of a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornhill Castle.

It instantly occurred to us that he was the base informer. We discussed whether the letter should be broken

open or not. Soon we were all engaged in a warm discussion on the point. I was against opening the letter; but Sophia (who said of all men he was the last to be guilty of so much baseness) insisted on its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family; and, at their request, I read as follows:—

B

Consequence,	Severe (Severity),	*In*-famous,
Vile, [*cf.* Villain]	(In-gratitude),	Inter-view

Ladies,

The bearer will sufficiently inform you as to the person from whom this comes. The writer is the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent it from being brought to harm. I am informed that you have some intention of bringing to town two young ladies (who are known to me), and you have pretended to engage them as your "companions" for this purpose. I am not willing to see simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue soiled. I must therefore offer my opinion that such an action will lead to grave results, and to consequences *dangerous to yourselves. The punishment for such an act will be harsh and* severe. *It has not been my custom to treat* infamous *women with* severity; *nor should I have reproved you now, if you were not aiming at a crime. Take therefore the warning of a friend, and seriously reflect upon the consequences of introducing infamy into a quiet home where good fame and innocence have hitherto dwelt.*

Our doubts were now at an end. My wife had scarcely patience to hear me to the finish of the letter, but cried out against the writer with unrestrained anger; Olivia was equally severe; and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for me, it appeared one of the vilest instances of ingratitude I had ever met with.

I could not account for it or explain it—unless it were due to his desire to meet my youngest daughter more often: perhaps he hoped that by detaining her in the country, he might have more frequent opportunities of an interview with her.

C

Presume, Wretched, A wretch, (En-rage), Vice

We sat thinking upon schemes of vengeance. Just then our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field.

We saw him approach. He entered, drew up a chair, and sat down.

"A fine day, Mr. Burchell."

"A very fine day, Doctor, though I fancy that we shall have some rain."

I fixed my eyes upon him. "Do you know this, sir,—this pocket-book?"

"Yes, sir," returned he, with perfect assurance; "that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it."

"And do you know," cried I, "this letter? Look me full in the face,—do you know this letter?"

"That letter?" returned he; "yes, it was I who wrote that letter."

"And how could you dare?" said I, "how could you so ungratefully presume to write this letter?"

"And how did you presume," replied he with the utmost boldness, "how did you dare to break open this letter? Don't you know that you might be hanged for this? I have only to swear before the judge that you have been guilty of

breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and you would be hanged,—as many a wretched miserable thief has been hanged before."

This unexpected piece of insolence so aroused me that I could scarcely govern my passion.

"Ungrateful wretch, go! and never let me see you again!"

So saying I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile. He shut the lock with the utmost calmness, and left us, astonished at his assurance.

My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him ashamed of his villainies.

"My dear," said I, wishing to calm those passions which had been raised so high among us, "we must not be surprised that bad men lack shame: they are ashamed only of their virtues, but not of their faults; rather they take pride in them. They blush at being discovered doing good, but they glory in their vices. Evil and vice are to them things to be proud of!"

CHAPTER 15

THE FAMILY USE ART

A

Design, Cunning, Magni-fy, Pudding

Sophia was, no doubt, grieved at the absence of Mr. Burchell; but after his departure the visits of our landlord, Mr. Thornhill, became more frequent and longer—which pleased the rest of the family. His design for taking my daughters to town had failed; but, after the failure of this scheme, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little amusements which were possible. He usually came in the morning; and, while my son and I were working outside, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town and repeating all the latest and wittiest sayings there.

It must be owned that my wife made a thousand **cunning** designs to en-trap him. She used every art to **magnify** the merit of her daughter, and to make her beauty and cleverness seem greater. If the cakes at tea were well cooked, she said they had been cooked by Olivia ; if the wine was good, Olivia was said to have made it. And if the **pudding** at dinner was pleasing, it was Olivia who had mixed the flour and sugar and eggs and fruit of which it was made. She would tell the Squire that he and Olivia were of almost the same size, and would bid them both stand up to see which was tallest. My wife thought these tricks so cunning that no one could guess their purpose ; and yet everybody perceived them. Every day our benefactor, Mr. Thornhill, gave some new proof of his passion—but it had not yet risen to a proposal of marriage. But an occurrence happened soon after which put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family. This is what occurred :—

B

Art-ist, Rival, Com-pose, (Historical), Frame

My wife and daughters went to visit neighbour Flamborough, and found that the family had lately had their pictures drawn by an **artist** who travelled about the country making pictures at fifteen shillings a head (for each person).

Now this family and ours were **rivals** in the matter of art and taste : they were always trying to show themselves superior to us, and we rivalled them and tried to show ourselves better than they. In having these pictures done, our rivals had clearly "stolen a march on us" (as one army marching by night gets one march in front of another). Notwithstanding all I could say—and I said much !—it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having therefore engaged the artist, our next task was to show the superiority of our taste in the arrangement and **composition** of the figures. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—each

holding an orange in his—or her—hand. This showed no taste, no variety, no skill and composition. After many debates we agreed to be drawn all together in one large historical picture. This would be cheaper; for a picture must be set in a nice wooden frame; seven pictures would require seven frames; but, if we were all painted in one picture, it would require only one large frame.

My wife desired to be represented as Venus, the Greek goddess of Love, and the rest were all to be dressed as other characters in Greek literature. Our taste so pleased the Squire that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the Great. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family; nor could we refuse his request.

C

(Performance), Dismay, (Width), Circulate, [*cf.* Circle]
Malice, Execute, (Over-hear)

The painter was therefore set to work, and in less than four days the whole thing was completed. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance. But a thought occurred to us now which filled us with dismay; we were struck with horror and surprise. The height and width of the picture were so great that we had no place in the house in which to fix it! It was too wide to pass through our doorways. So it was left leaning against the wall. It was the jest of all our neighbours. One of them compared it to Robinson Crusoe's boat,—too large to be removed.

Though the picture excited laughter in some people, it raised malicious suggestions in many. The fact that the Squire's picture was united with ours caused envy. Whispers began to circulate from lip to lip. Persons came to us as friends and told us what was said of us by enemies.

We therefore held a consult-ation, and discussed what should be done against the malice of our enemies. We resolved that my wife should endeavour to discover whether

Mr. Thornhill really intended to marry my daughter: this was to be done by pretending to ask his advice about the choice of a husband for her. If this did not induce him to make a declar-ation, it was resolved that she should terrify him with a rival. I would not consent to this unless Olivia



"THE PAINTER WAS THEREFORE SET TO WORK"

promised to marry the person provided as a rival (if the Squire did not prevent it by taking her himself).

The next time that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mother an opportunity of executing the plan. But they only retired to the next room where they could overhear the whole conversation.

D

Accomplishment, Sound, (Approbation), Pro-secute [*cf.* Ex-ecute]

After some conversation about the marriage of Miss Flamborough to Mr. Spanker, she brought the talk on to her own daughters.

"But now, Mr. Thornhill," said she, putting her scheme into execution, "can you recommend me a proper husband for my Olivia?"

"Madam," replied he, "if I were to choose I would find out a person possessed of every ability and accomplishment which can make an angel happy."

"Aye, sir," said she, "but do you know of any such person?"

"No, madam," returned he; "it is impossible to know anyone that deserves to be her husband. She's too great a treasure for one man's possession. She's a goddess! she's an angel!"

"Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl; but we have been thinking of marrying her to Farmer Williams, a safe, sound and trustworthy man, able to give her good bread. He has several times made proposals to her." (This was actually the case.) "I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice. Do you approve?"

"How! madam. My approbation of such a choice! Never! What! sacrifice so much beauty and sense and goodness to a creature insensible of the blessing. Excuse me; I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons."

"Indeed, sir, I should be glad to know those reasons," cried Deborah.

"Excuse me, madam," returned he; "they lie too deep in my breast for discovery." He laid his hand on his bosom. "They remain buried here."

After he had gone we all held a consultation, but we could not discover what to make of these fine sayings. Olivia considered them instances of exalted passion; but I was not quite so hopeful. It seemed to me that they had more of love than marriage in them. However, we resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams.

CHAPTER 16

WHAT VIRTUE CAN RESIST TEMPTATION?

A

Revive, Vital-ity, De-ject-ed, Endure, (Sin*cer*ity), Fidelity, Mean-time
2 [*cf.* Confide]

Mr. Williams' affection for Olivia had received little encouragement of late, and so it had died down. But little encouragement was needed to **revive** it, and to make it live again with all its former strength and **vitality**.

After an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house and gazed at each other with looks of anger. Olivia pretended to give all her tenderness to her new lover. Mr. Thornhill seemed to be quite **dejected** at this preference, and with down-cast face and sad looks took his leave.

Yet whatever uneasiness he seemed to suffer, it could easily be perceived that Olivia **endured** still greater pain. After any of these interviews with her lovers she usually retired to solitude, there to endure her grief alone.

It was in such a situation I found her one evening.

" You now see, my child," said I, " that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream : for he permits another man to become his rival : and yet he knows that he might secure you to himself by an outspoken declaration of his desire to marry you."

" Yes, papa," returned she, ——" but he has his reasons for this delay : I know he has. The **sincerity** of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem."

" Olivia, my darling," returned I, " whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation, shall be granted ; but at the end of that time I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. Name your day ; let it be as distant as you think proper, and in the meantime you must let Mr. Thornhill

know the exact day on which I intend to deliver you to another."

She again renewed her promise to marry Mr. Williams if the other failed her; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that same day of next month was fixed for her wedding with his rival.

B

(Dis-continue), (Im-patience), ***Monarch,*** **Stain, Ancestors**

5 9·ĸ·

One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to prevent her marriage.

In the next week his visits were still frequent; but he made no declaration.

In the third week he **discontinued** his visits entirely. Yet my daughter showed no **impatience** (as I expected). Rather she seemed resigned to her fate.

It was within four days of her intended wedding. It was night. My little family was gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past and laying schemes for the future. I felt happier than a king.

"Deborah, my Life," said I, "what thanks do we owe to Heaven for thus giving us peace, health, and comfort! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. We are now growing old, but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. The history of our family is a white and **stain**-less page; there is not one black mark on it of which we need be ashamed. We are descended from **ancestors** that knew no dishonour, and we shall leave a virtuous and stainless race of children behind us. Come, we will have a song which we can all sing together.—But where is my darling Olivia? Her angel-voice is always the sweetest in the concert."

Just as I spoke little Dick came running in: "Oh Papa, Papa, she is gone from us! Olivia is gone from us for ever!"

"Gone, child?"

"Yes; she is gone off with two gentlemen in a coach with two horses. One of them kissed her and said he would die for her. She cried very much and wanted to come back; but he persuaded her again. She got into the coach and said, 'Oh, what will my poor papa do when he knows that I am ruined!'"

C

Rob (Robber), Violent (-ce), Provoke, (Provocation),
9 67 5 9
Reproach, To miss, Ease, (Sin-n-er)

"May Heaven's everlasting fury fall upon him!" I cried. "Thief! robber!—Thus to rob me of my child! Bring me my pistols. I'll pursue him. The villain!"

"My dearest, dearest husband," cried Deborah, "you must learn patience; for she has vilely deceived us."

"Indeed, sir," said my son, "force and anger will do nothing. Your rage is too violent; and violence cannot help. You only increase my mother's pain. It ill suits your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy."

"I did not curse him, child, did I?"

"Indeed, sir, you did."

"Then may Heaven forgive him and me, if I did.... It is not a small cause that thus provokes me to anger. It is not a small distress that can bring tears to these eyes that have not wept for so many years. My child! To rob me of my darling! May confusion seize—Heaven forgive me!—what am I about to say. How good she was! How charming! Till this vile moment all her care was to make us happy. But, my child, you saw them go off: perhaps he forced her away? If he forced her away she may still be innocent."

"Ah, no, sir," cried the child; "he only kissed her and called her his angel; and she wept very much and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast."

"She's an ungrateful creature," cried my wife, who

could scarcely speak for weeping. "She has deserted her parents without any provocation,—and will bring your grey hairs to the grave; and I must shortly follow."

In this manner the night was spent in scolding and reproaching my daughter, and in cursing the vile deceiver who had betrayed her.

I determined, however, to find her betrayer, wherever he was and to reproach him with his baseness.

The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by scolding. "Never," cried she, "shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her 'daughter' *again!*"

"Wife," said I, "do not talk thus harshly. This house and this heart shall ever be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns, the more welcome shall she be to me. I will pursue her wherever she is. Though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent her from continuing in it."

CHAPTER 17

A FATHER'S PURSUIT TO RECLAIM HIS DAUGHTER

A

(Villag-er), Resemble, (By no means), Frank, (Purposely), Race, Over-take

My child could not describe the person who handed my daughter into the coach, but my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle; but, before I reached it, I was met by one of the villagers who said that he saw a lady resembling my daughter with a gentleman. His description of the

gentleman did not resemble Mr. Thornhill in any way; indeed it was quite unlike him; it rather resembled Mr. Burchell.

This information by no means satisfied me. I therefore went on to Mr. Thornhill's house and (though it was early) insisted on seeing him immediately. He soon appeared and spoke to me in the most open and frank manner. His words sounded sincere enough. He said frankly that he was amazed at my daughter's action, and protested on his honour that he knew nothing of it.

I therefore turned my suspicions on Mr. Burchell. I remembered that he had had several private meetings with her. I then met another witness who told me that Mr. Burchell and my daughter had actually gone towards Wells, a town about thirty miles distant.

In my disturbed state of mind it never occurred to me that these two witnesses might have been purposely placed in my way to mislead me.

As I entered the town of Wells I was met by a person on horse-back whom I remembered to have seen at the Squire's house. He told me that I should go on to the Horse Races. The place where the horses were racing was thirty miles further. He said that I might be sure of overtaking them, if I followed them there.

Early next day I walked forward to the races, and at about four in the afternoon I came to the race-course. The ladies and gentlemen there made a very fine show, all earnestly employed in one pursuit,—that of pleasure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought that I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among the crowd, and I saw him no more.

B

Under-go, Temperature, (The*a*t*r*ical), Mob, Partake, Politics, Parliament [*cf.* Part-*t*ake]

I now reflected that it would be useless to continue my pursuit further, and resolved to return home to my innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the emotions and fatigues which I had **undergone** threw me into a fever. I felt my **temperature** rising before I came off the race-course. I was more than seventy miles from home: however, I retired to a little inn by the roadside, and there lay down patiently to wait till my temperature became normal and I recovered from my illness.

I remained there for nearly three weeks. At last I got better: but I had no money to pay my bill to the inn-keeper. My anxiety about this might have made me ill again; but I was helped by a traveller who stopped at the inn for refreshments. He was a bookseller who had published a book for me. From him I borrowed a few pounds.

I left the inn, and, as I was still weak, resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a day.

I had walked about two hours, when I perceived a wagon in the distance, and resolved to overtake it. When I came up with it I found that it belonged to a wandering company of **theatrical** players. It was carrying their scenes and other property to the next village.

The cart was attended only by the driver and by one of the actors. The rest of the players were to follow on the next day. I entered into conversation with the player, until we came to the village.

It seems that the villagers had been informed of our approach, for a great **mob** of them came out to gaze at us. As I saw the mob gathering about me, I thought it improper to remain in such company. I therefore took shelter in the nearest inn. I there met a very well-dressed gentleman. He asked me if I was a real clergyman, or whether that was the part which I played in the theatrical company. I informed

him that I did not belong to the theatrical company in any way. He then very politely asked me and the player to partake of a bowl of wine with him. As we drank he discussed modern politics, speaking with great earnestness and interest about Kings, Ministers, political parties, laws, and debates. I thought that he must certainly be a member of Parliament in London, sitting in council there and helping to make our laws.

I asked him if we could get supper at the inn: he then insisted that the player and I should take supper with him at his house.

CHAPTER 18

A PERSON INTERESTED IN POLITICS

A

Magnificent, Furnish (Furniture), Carpet,
L i ve-ly, (To reverence)
41

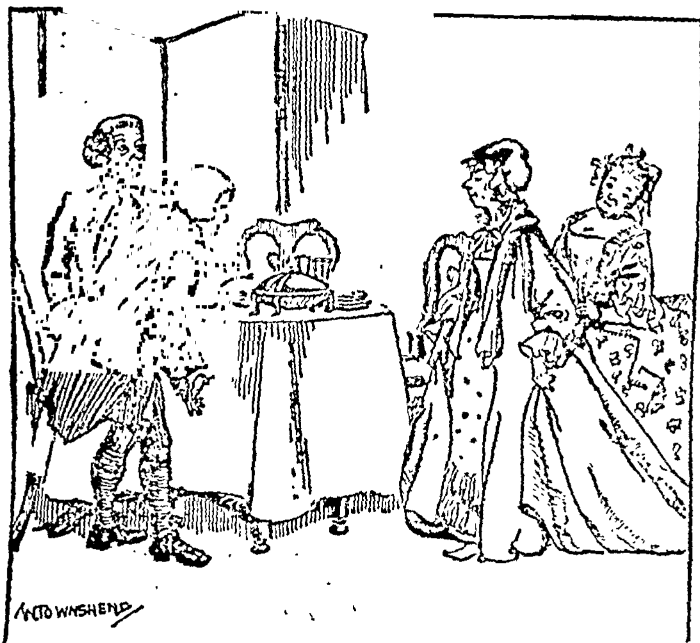
The house at which we were to be entertained lay at a small distance from the village. The gentleman said that, as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us there on foot.

We soon arrived at one of the most **magnificent** houses I have seen in that part of the country. The room into which we were shown was magnificently **furnished**. All the **furniture**,—chairs, tables, bookcases and the rest—was of the most modern and most costly design. On the floor was a beautiful **carpet** woven in many colours.

The gentleman went to give orders for supper; and the player, with a wink, observed that we were in luck. Our entertainer soon returned. An excellent supper was brought in, and two ladies were introduced. They were dressed in an easy, but not costly manner. The conversation began to become **lively**. Politics was, however, the favourite subject upon which our entertainer chiefly conversed.

"I call myself a Free Man!" he said proudly. "Liberty, liberty, sir, is England's boast; and I reverence the politicians who guard our liberty."

"It is to be hoped," cried I, "that you also reverence the King."



"TWO LADIES WERE INTRODUCED"

"Yes," returned he, "when he does what we wish him to do; but if he goes on as he has done of late . . ."

This provoked me to speak with some warmth—and at some length.

B.

Discourse, [*cf.* Discuss] **Diminution,** **Be-fall,** **Rap,**[1] **Butler**

". . . I am, then, for the monarch," I cried in conclusion of my long discourse. "I would die for the monarchy, sacred monarchy! If there is anything sacred among men,

[1] Notice the sound of the word.

it is the crowned monarch of his people. By every diminution of his power the real liberties of his subjects are diminished."

The impatience of my entertainer, who had often attempted to interrupt my discourse, could be restrained no longer.

"What!" cried he, "then I have been all this while entertaining an enemy of liberty! Out you shall go!"

I now found that I had said too much, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken.

"Pardon!" returned he in a fury; "I think such words demand ten thousand pardons. What, give up liberty! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately—or worse consequences will befall you. Sir, I insist upon it!"

I was going to repeat my apologies; but just then we heard a rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, "As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home!"

It seems that my entertainer was only the **Butler** [1] who, in his master's absence, had wanted to appear as a great man, and for a while be the gentleman himself; and, to tell the truth, he talked politics as well as most country-gentlemen do.

C

Relate, Promptly, Unconcern-ed, Good-natured, (Alteration), Re-ject

Nothing could exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor were they less surprised.

"Gentlemen," cried the real master of the house to me and my companion, "my wife and I are your most humble servants. This is a most unexpected favour!"

I was struck dumb,—so foolish did I feel. Then who should enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot!—(she who was formerly engaged to be married to my son George; but the engagement was broken off, as already related in the earlier part of this story).

[1] Butler = Bottle-er = servant in charge of the wine.

When she saw me, she promptly flew to my arms with the utmost joy.

"My dear sir," she cried, "to what happy accident do we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be delighted when they find that they have the good Dr. Primrose for their guest."

Hearing my name the old gentleman and lady promptly stepped up and welcomed me with the greatest hospitality.

That night I was taken to a magnificent chamber, and early the next morning Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she enquired when I had last heard news of my son George. In asking the question she pretended to be unconcerned, as if she did not care very much; but I was not deceived.

"Alas, madam," said I, "he has now been absent for three years, without ever writing to his friends or to me. Where he is, I know not. Perhaps I shall never see him again—nor see happiness again. We shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fireside at Wakefield."

The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this; so I did not tell her any more about our sufferings. I was glad to find that time had made no alteration in her affections for my son, and that she had rejected several offers of marriage since leaving our part of the country. She led me round the extensive gardens, pointing out beautiful walks and bowers, and catching from every object an opportunity for some new question about my son.

D

Summon, Ticket, Pronounce, (Im-mov(e)-able),
Bade, Mirror, (Ir-resistible)

In this manner we spent the morning, till the bell summoned us to dinner. There we found the manager of the theatrical company: he had come to sell tickets for the play which was to be acted that evening. The chief part in the

play was to be acted by a young gentleman who had never appeared on the stage before. The manager was very warm in the praise of the new performer. "This gentleman," he said, "seems born to be successful on the stage. His voice is good; he pronounces his words clearly, and his appearance is admirable. We got him accidentally on our journey down here."

This account excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I accompanied them to the theatre (which was only a barn). We were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seats. There we sat, waiting with no small impatience, to see the new actor make his appearance.

At last the new performer advanced. Other parents will be able to imagine my feelings, when I found it was my unfortunate son! He was going to begin. Then, turning his eyes on the audience he perceived Miss Wilmot and me; he stood at once speechless and immovable.

The actors behind the scenes thought that this pause was due to stage-fright or timid-ity, and attempted to encourage him. But, instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and ran off the stage.

I don't know what my feelings were on this occasion; but I was soon aroused by Miss Wilmot, who, pale and with a trembling voice, bade me conduct her back to her uncle's house. I did as I was bidden.

When we got home Mr. Arnold, being informed that the new performer was my son, bade his coach go to the theatre with an invitation for my son to come to the house.

Mr. Arnold gave my son the kindest reception, and I greeted him with the utmost joy. Miss Wilmot pretended to be cold; and yet I could perceive that she was only acting a part. Her mind was in a whirl: she said twenty silly things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the mirror hanging on the wall as if happy in the feeling of her irresistible beauty.

We all went in to supper.

CHAPTER 19

THE HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHIC WANDERER

A

To sup, Decline, Purse, Coin

After we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her servants to fetch my son's baggage. He **declined** this kind offer. She made the request again, but again he refused to have his baggage fetched. At last he was compelled to inform her that a stick and a parcel were all the baggage he had upon this earth.

"Why, my son," said I, "you were poor when you left me, and I find that you have come back poor; and yet I have no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world."

"Yes, sir," replied my son, "my purse is as empty of money now as when I saw you last,—indeed it is emptier. There were a few coins in it then; there is not a penny in it now."

B

Boarding-school, Appetite, Crust, Starve, Critic (Criticise)

8

"I fancy, sir," said Mrs. Arnold, "that the account of your adventures would be amusing."

"Madam," replied my son, "the pleasure you will have in hearing them will not be half so great as my pleasure in relating them.—Upon my arrival in town my first care was to deliver my father's letter of recommendation to our cousin. My first scheme was to be a teacher in a boarding-school.

"I asked my cousin's advice. 'I have been a master in a boarding-school myself,' said he, 'and I would rather be

a guard in a prison. I was up early and to bed late. I was abused by the headmaster, and hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys inside, and never allowed to go outside. Are you sure you are fit for a boarding-school? Let me examine you. Can you cut the boys' hair?'

"'No,' said I.

"'Then you won't do for a boarding-school. Do you eat heartily?—have you got a good appetite for your food?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then you won't do for a boarding-school. If you want a respectable and easy profession, go and turn the wheel for a knife-grinder; but avoid a school by all means. Yet come,' continued he, 'I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning. What do you think of becoming an author like me? You have read, no doubt, of men of genius, without a dry crust of bread to eat, starving at the trade of authorship. There is no need to starve; you will have plenty of good food,—and not mere crusts of bread. I can show you forty very dull fellows who live in riches by authorship. They are honest, dull men who, if they had been shoemakers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never been clever enough to *make* shoes.'

"I resolved to accept his proposal. I resolved to write a book which should be wholly new."

"Well, my boy," said I, "you published your book, and what did the learned world say to it? How did the critics judge it?"

"Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said nothing; nothing at all. The critics did not criticize it. I suffered the cruellest of criticisms—neglect! . . ."

C

Tidy, University, Smart [clothes], Job, Universal (-ly) Passage (Passenger)

"I was one day sitting sadly on a bench in the park when a neatly and tidily dressed young gentleman approached me.

He was in the same college as I when I was at Oxford University. Being so smartly dressed himself he seemed at first almost ashamed of being seen in the company of a person whose appearance was so dirty and untidy. But Ned Thornhill was at heart a very good-natured fellow."

"What did you say, George?" interrupted I. "Thornhill? It must be my landlord."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Arnold, "is Mr. Thornhill a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend of our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly."

"My friend," continued my son, "gave me a smart suit of his own clothes, and I was admitted to his house as half-friend, half-servant. My job was to talk to him, to sit on his left-hand in the coach, to open bottles for him, to sing when I was bid, to do any little jobs which he wanted done. I had to be always in a good humour, always to be humble, and—if I could—to be very happy. I had even to fight for him—against a man whose sister (it is said) he had used ill. He was very grateful to me for this service, and, when he left town, he gave me a letter recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a noble-man of great distinction.

"I carried the letter to Sir William Thornhill, who was universally known throughout the whole land for his virtue—a man of universal goodness,—kind and charitable in every way.

"He read the letter, and after a pause of some minutes, he said, 'You have fought for my kinsman, and you expect a reward from me for serving him in his vices. I refuse. I hope that my refusal may be some punishment for your guilt. Still more I hope that it may induce you to repent.'

"As I left the house I met a friend who was captain of a ship. 'My ship sails for Holland to-morrow,' said he. 'The passage takes only a few days, it is a short and comfortable voyage. Let me take you with me as a passenger. All you have to do is to teach the Dutch-men English; I am sure you will get pupils and money enough.'"

D

Recollect, Desk, Library, Fair (Fairly)

"It was only after I had reached Holland that I **recollected** something which I ought to have remembered before. I recollected that, in order to teach English to the Dutchmen, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch.

"I then met a student returning from Louvain University. From him I learnt that there was no one in that University who understood Greek. I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain and to make a living there by teaching Greek.

"Reaching Louvain, I went to the Principal of the University. He was sitting writing at his **desk** in a **library**, surrounded with books. I offered him my services as a master of the Greek language.

"'I never learned Greek,' he replied, 'and I don't find that I have ever missed it. There are books in this library written in Greek, but I have never read them. I have got a Doctor's degree without Greek. I eat heartily without Greek. In short, as I don't know Greek, I don't believe there is any good in it.' He turned to his desk again, and began writing.

"I had some knowledge of music, and a **fairly** good voice. You have said yourself, sir, that my singing is **fair**, though it cannot be called good. I now turned what was once an amusement into a means of earning a living."

E

**Peasant, Procure, Pack-et, Board,
Pay respects to, Abroad**

"The **peasants** in Holland and France are poor, for they get little by cultivating the land and the taxes are heavy; yet those who are poorest are most eager to be merry, and the poorer they are, the more lively are they. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one

He was in the same college as I when I was at Oxford University. Being so smartly dressed himself he seemed at first almost ashamed of being seen in the company of a person whose appearance was so dirty and untidy. But Ned Thornhill was at heart a very good-natured fellow."

"What did you say, George?" interrupted I. "Thornhill? It must be my landlord."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Arnold, "is Mr. Thornhill a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend of our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly."

"My friend," continued my son, "gave me a smart suit of his own clothes, and I was admitted to his house as half-friend, half-servant. My job was to talk to him, to sit on his left-hand in the coach, to open bottles for him, to sing when I was bid, to do any little jobs which he wanted done. I had to be always in a good humour, always to be humble, and—if I could—to be very happy. I had even to fight for him—against a man whose sister (it is said) he had used ill. He was very grateful to me for this service, and, when he left town, he gave me a letter recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a noble-man of great distinction.

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of my most merry tunes, and that procured me lodging for the night, and a packet of food to carry with me on the next day.

"In this way I procured my board and lodging, and made my way through Holland and France; and came to Italy. Here my skill in music was of no avail, for I was in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I.

"I therefore turned back to England. Upon my arrival I resolved first to pay my respects to you, sir, and then join the army for service abroad, in some foreign land where there was fighting to be done. But on my journey I met an old acquaintance, who belonged to a theatrical company travelling round the country-side."

CHAPTER 20

THE SHORT CONTINUANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AMONG THE VICIOUS

A

Vicious, [*cf.* Vice] **Appeal,** **Disgrace,** **Inclination** **In accordance,**

My son was just concluding his story when a very smart coach appeared at the door. It was Mr. Thornhill's coach. The butler (who was now my friend) informed me in a whisper that the Squire had been courting Miss Wilmot, and her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve.

Mr. Thornhill entered. Seeing my son and me, he seemed startled. But when we advanced to salute him, he returned our greeting in a very friendly manner.

After tea Mr. Thornhill called me aside to ask about my daughter. When I informed him that my enquiries had been unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised. He then asked if I had told Miss Wilmot or my son about Olivia's misfortune. I replied that I had not: he approved of my caution, and

appealed to me to keep the matter secret. "I urge you to keep it secret," said he, "for your own sake, for it would be of no benefit to make known one's own disgrace and shame; and perhaps Miss Olivia may not be so guilty as we all imagine."

We were here interrupted by a servant, who brought an appeal to the Squire from the ladies, desiring him to join the dancing; so he left me. I was pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns.

His courtship of Miss Wilmot was too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she did not seem very well pleased at it; she rather suffered it in accordance with the wishes of her aunt than from her own inclination. I was pleased to see her give to my unfortunate son kinder looks than Mr. Thornhill could get with all his fortune and eager attentions to her. Yet Mr. Thornhill seemed not at all dismayed nor disturbed at this. Each day, the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son, the more Mr. Thornhill's friendship to him seemed to increase.

On the morning of our departure Mr. Thornhill came up to me, with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a service he had done for his friend George. He had got him appointed an officer in a company of soldiers going to the West Indies, and George was to depart on the next day, so as to make sure of securing the job.

B

Wrap, Cloak, Collar, Profit

I took leave of the good family who had entertained me, and said farewell to Mr. Thornhill with many expressions of gratitude to him for his kindness.

I set out for home, despairing of ever finding my daughter again. The wind was cold, so I **wrapped** my woollen **cloak** tightly about me, and turned up the **collar** round my neck. I was still feeling weak, yet I comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all those whom I held dearest.

When night came I entered a little inn by the roadside, and asked the inn-keeper to join me in a bottle of wine. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill. The inn-keeper told me that he was hated—but that his uncle, Sir William, was much loved. He said that the young Squire betrayed the daughters of those who received him into their houses. As we sat there talking, the inn-keeper's wife came in.

"Sir," cried she to her husband, "you treat me very badly, and I'll bear it no longer. Three-quarters of the work is left for me to do, and the fourth part is left unfinished, while you do nothing but sit drinking with the customers all day long. How can we get any money or make any profit in this way? Or would you manage your business without profit but rather at a loss?"

I poured her out a glass of wine, which she received with a bow and wished me good-health.

"Sir," said she, "it is not so much the loss of profit that makes me angry, but our inn is being ruined. If there are any customers who will not pay their bill, it is I who have to demand the money of them. He would rather eat his glass than go after them. There now, above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to lodge here. I don't believe she has got any money. She is very slow in paying. She should be reminded."

"What's the use of reminding her?" said the host; "if she is slow she is sure."

"Sure!" cried the wife, "I am resolved to have the money this very night, or out she goes, bag and baggage."

"Consider, my dear," cried the husband, "she is a gentlewoman and deserves more respect."

"Gentlewoman or not, out she shall go!"

C

Flight of stairs, Stern, Otherwise, Con*demn*

Thus saying she ran up the narrow flight of stairs from the kitchen to the room overhead. I could hear her very

distinctly and could tell from the fierceness and sternness of her voice that no money was to be had from her lodger.

"Pay up," she cried sternly, "otherwise out you shall go this moment. What! you infamous creature, would you come and live in an honest house without a coin to pay with. Come along, I say!"

"Oh, dear madam," cried the stranger, "pity me, pity a poor helpless creature for one night, and death will soon relieve you of me for ever."

I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child, Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear forlorn creature in my arms.

"Welcome, welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom."

"Oh, my dear"—for minutes she could say no more—"my own dearest, good papa! Could an angel be kinder! Why do you not curse me? Why do you not blame and condemn me? The villain! I hate and condemn him and myself. You can't forgive me. I know you cannot."

"Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive you."

I led her to a private room where we could converse more freely....

D

Plot, Ex-pose, Ceremony, Legal, Licence, (Permit), Dignity, In-dignity, Indig*nat*ion

"It surprises me," said I, "that a person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and apparent honour should be guilty of such baseness."

"My dear papa," returned my daughter, "you make a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me; instead of that he took every opportunity of warning me against Mr. Thornhill's plots."

"Mr. Thornhill! Can it be?"

"Yes, sir, it was Mr. Thornhill who deceived me. He employed two 'ladies' (who were actually women of the

town) to take us to London as 'companions.' This plot would certainly have succeeded, but Mr. Burchell's letter exposed the foul scheme, and brought out into the light the real character of the 'ladies.' I am convinced that Mr. Burchell was ever my warmest and sincerest friend."

"You amaze me, my dear," cried I. "But tell me, my child, by what plot did Mr. Thornhill succeed in deceiving you?"

"The marriage ceremony was privately performed . . ."

"What! were you indeed married by a priest, and according to the sacred ceremony of the Church?"

"Indeed, sir, we were."

"Then you are now his wife!"

"Alas, papa, the marriage was not legal, because he had not got the legal papers required. In order that the marriage ceremony may be performed privately, it is necessary (as you know) to have a **licence**, that is a legal paper specially permitting it. Mr. Thornhill had no licence for the marriage; so I was not legally his wife. Such was the plot by which he tricked me. I very soon discovered how little I could trust the sincerity of his affection. He soon grew tired of me. Each day he became more insolent, and I became more unhappy. I desired to part from him; and, when I told him this, he offered me a purse of money! This was the last insult, the greatest of all **indignities**. For what greater insult could there be to the **dignity** and self-respect of a woman than to be offered money for her love? I threw the purse at him in my rage and **indignation** at his insolence. A coach passed by. I got into it—and was set down here."

CHAPTER 21

OFFENCES ARE EASILY PARDONED WHERE THERE IS LOVE

A

Pro-gress,	**(Depend on),**	**(Guard-ian),**	**Hover,**
	An abode,	**Hound**	5
	[*cf.* Abide]		

The next morning I set out on my return home. As we **progressed** along the road, I endeavoured to calm Olivia's sorrows and fears, and to give her the strength and resolution to meet her offended mother. I assured her that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life she might **depend** upon me as her **guardian** and friend. After a few miles' progress she seemed calmer.

We stopped that night at an inn about five miles from my house. I wished to prepare my family to receive Olivia. I determined therefore to leave her that night at the inn, and to return to fetch her early the next morning.

After seeing that she was provided with a good room, I embraced her and kissed her tenderly: and proceeded towards home. As I progressed on my way towards that peaceful dwelling-place my heart became filled with pleasure. As a bird, frightened from its nest, flies round and round it, and **hovers** above it, so did my thoughts fly ahead of me on my slow progress, and hover about my little fireside. I called to mind the many loving things I had to say; I thought of the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. The night became late. The labourers had all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sound was heard but the crowing of the cock and the deep voice of our watch-dog in the distance.

I approached my little **abode**. When I was within two hundred yards of it our faithful **hound** came running towards me, barking loudly.

B

(Un-utterable), Pavement, Snatch, Reserve, Pan

It was near midnight when I knocked at my door. All was still and silent. My heart swelled with unutterable happiness; when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire; every window was red with flames. I gave a loud cry and fell upon the stone pavement of the path, senseless. My cry alarmed my son, who had been asleep. Perceiving the flames, he waked my wife and daughter; and they all came running out half-naked, and wild with fear. This recalled me to my senses.

The flames had now caught the roof; part by part it continued to fall in. The family stood silently looking on. I gazed upon them, and then looked round for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen.

"Where," cried I, "where are my little ones?"

"They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife calmly, "and I will die with them."

At that moment I heard the cry of the babes within; they had just been awakened by the fire. "Where are my little ones?" cried I, rushing through the flames and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined. "Where are my little ones?"

"Here, dear papa, here we are," cried they together. The flames were just catching the bed on which they lay. I snatched them up, and carried them through the flames. Just as I got out, the roof sunk in.

"Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. I have saved my treasures." We embraced and kissed our little darlings a thousand times: their mother laughed and wept by turns.

My goods (among which was the money which I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes) were entirely consumed by the flames.

The neighbours brought us clothes, and furnished one of the huts in our garden, and lent us cooking pots and pans. So, by daylight, we had a wretched dwelling-place to retire to.

I now proceeded to prepare the family for the reception of our lost one. We had nothing but wretchedness to give her, but I wished to procure for her a welcome to what we had.

My arm and shoulder had been terribly burnt in rescuing my little ones, so I sent my son and daughter to fetch her.

C

Meanwhile, Conciliate, Re-concile, To mark. (Revival), (Hardship), Harmony

Meanwhile I endeavoured to **conciliate** the mother and make her friendly and forgiving, but I could not perfectly **reconcile** her to her erring daughter. For women are more unforgiving to female error than are men; and real reconciliation is impossible where there is no forgiveness.

My son and daughter returned, supporting the wretched sinner, who had not the courage to look up at her mother.

"Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you have come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophia and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Olivia, your father and I have suffered much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you."

Poor Olivia stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply. I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress. "I entreat you, woman," said I in my severest manner, "that my words may be **marked** and remembered now and for always. I have here brought you back a poor deceived wanderer. Her return to duty demands the **revival** of our tenderness. The real **hardships** of life are now coming fast upon us. Let us not therefore increase our hardships and our troubles by quarrelling among ourselves. If we can agree together and live in **harmony** with each other, we may yet be contented. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent: let us follow that example. For the harmony of human hearts is the sweetest of all music in the ears of God."

CHAPTER 22

FRESH DISASTERS BRING US TO UTTER RUIN

A

Disaster, To pine, Afflict (Affliction), Defeat, Mirth, Jollity, Bridegroom
99

Some hard work was required to make our present abode as convenient as possible; but we were soon able to enjoy our former peaceful life.

But Olivia's grief continued; day after day she pined, and wasted away with grief. In company she dreaded contempt, and in solitude she was afflicted by her sad thoughts.

She was still wretched and pining when we received information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot. This news only increased Olivia's affliction. I was resolved to get more certain information: I was also determined to defeat his plan and prevent the marriage. I therefore sent my son to old Mr. Wilmot with a letter telling him of Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. I was defeated in this purpose, for my son was unable to deliver the letter, as Mr. Wilmot was away.

"Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot," said my son, "are to be married in a few days. They appeared in church together on Sunday, and usually go out riding together. All the friends of both families are there, including the Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill. There is nothing but mirth and jollity and feasting going on. All the people praise the young bride's beauty and the bridegroom's fine appearance and say that they are immensely fond of each other. I cannot help thinking," concluded he, "that Mr. Thornhill is one of the happiest men in the world."

I was filled with pity for my poor daughter.

B

Pitiful,	**Liar,** [*cf.* A lie]	**(Momentary), Sting (Stung),**	**Injure (Injury), (Disable-d)**

The next morning was very bright and sunny; so we decided to have breakfast in the garden.

Just as we were finishing our breakfast the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's carriage in the distance alarmed us all. Olivia, wishing to avoid a meeting with her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister.

Mr. Thornhill got down from his carriage, came to the place where I was still sitting, and enquired after my health with his usual air of familiar-ity and friendliness.

"Sir," replied I, "your boldness only makes your character seem more base to me. There was a time when I would have punished you for your insolence in presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my priest-hood restrains me."

"I am amazed at all this," he replied, "nor can I understand what it means. I hope you don't think that your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it."

"Go!" cried I. "You are a wretch, a poor **pitiful** wretch, and in every way a **liar.** For the sake of a **momentary** passion you have made a poor creature wretched for life and have cast a stain on a family which had nothing but honour in its past."

"If you or she," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy. We can marry her to another in a short time, and, what is more, she may keep her lover besides; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

My passions were aroused at this new degrading proposal. Men often suffer the pain of a grave wound or injury patiently, yet groan and cry out at a little prick or the sting of an insect. So this man had gravely **injured** us, but we suffered it patiently; yet this little insult **stung** me to rage.

"Out of my sight, vile thing!" I cried, "nor continue to insult me with your presence. Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled by illness."

C

Bond, Once for all, Retain
[*cf.* Contain]

"You compel me," said Mr. Thornhill, "to speak more harshly than I intended. I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship; I will now represent what may be the consequences of my anger. You gave a bond to a money-lender for some money which you borrowed. I have paid up your debt, and that bond is now mine. You therefore now owe the money to me. Unless you are able to repay me the debt, I shall have you thrown into prison. You also owe me the rent of your house, and, unless you pay this, your cattle and all your goods may be seized. Yet still I wish to serve you, and to have you and your daughter present at my wedding; this is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all. As for your marriage with any but my daughter, that I will never consent to. Though your friendship could raise me to the throne, or your anger sink me to the grave, yet would I despise them both. Never more expect friendship from me. Go and possess what fortune has given you—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, my heart will still retain its dignity. Though you have my forgiveness, you shall ever have my contempt."

"You shall feel the effects of this insolence," said he. "We shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me." Upon this he departed.

D

Annual, Herd, Sale, Gaol [*also written* **Jail**]

121

We found next morning that he had not threatened in vain; for the manager of Mr. Thornhill's estate came round to demand my annual rent (for my rent was paid, not by the month, but yearly). I was unable to pay it. As a consequence he drove away my herd of cattle. The whole herd was put up for sale in the market; and less than half of the value of the cattle was got by the sale of them.

During the night there was a heavy fall of snow. Next morning my son was employed in clearing it away and making a passage to the door. He had not been thus engaged long before he came running in, with a pale face, to tell us that two strangers (whom he knew to be officers of justice) were coming towards the house.

Just as he spoke, they came in. They approached the bed on which I lay, and informed me of their errand. They then made me their prisoner, and bade me prepare to go with them to the jail, which was eleven miles off.

"My friends," said I, "this is severe weather in which you have come to take me to prison. One of my arms has been burnt, and this has thrown me into a slight fever. I scarcely have enough clothes to cover me, and I am too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow; but if it must be so——"

I then turned to my wife and children and ordered them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place.

CHAPTER 23

THERE IS SOME COMFORT IN EVERY SITUATION, HOWEVER WRETCHED

A

Feeble, (Enfeebled), Fatal, Inter-pose, Apartment, Paved, [cf. Fate] Cell

We set forward and walked on slowly. I was myself feeble with age and sickness, and could not go fast; and Olivia was enfeebled by a slow fever which for some days past had been weakening her. One of the officers kindly put her on his horse. My son led one of the little children by the hand, and my wife led the other, while I leaned upon my youngest girl.

We were now about two miles from my late dwelling-place, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us. It consisted of about fifty of our village-people who attended my church. With dreadful curses they seized upon the two officers of justice. Swearing that they would never see their minister go to jail, they were going to treat the officers with great severity. Indeed the matter might have ended fatally, in the death of the officers, but I interposed myself between the en-raged multitude and the officers, and rescued them.

"What! my friends," cried I, "is this the way you love me? Is this the manner in which you obey the instructions given you in my sermons? Would you oppose the course of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me?"

They now seemed repentant, and, melting into tears, they came to me one after another to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and left them my blessings.

Some hours before night we reached the town. We put up at an inn, and I supped with my family with my usual

cheerfulness. I found suitable apartments for them in the inn, and they retired to sleep.

I then went to the prison. This consisted of one large apartment: its windows were strongly barred and the floor was paved with stone. Besides this, every prisoner had a small separate apartment, or cell.

B

Lament, *Con*trary, *Con*trast, Habit, Straw, Bed-clothes, Quote, Contra*dict*
[*cf.* Contrary and Predict]

On entering the prison I expected to find nothing but weeping and **lamentation** and various sounds of misery. But the prisoners were not lamenting their unhappy fate; on the **contrary**, they were endeavouring to forget it in mirth and jollity. The scene was indeed quite opposite and contrary to my expectations.

"How," said I to myself, "can men so very wicked be so cheerful? and shall I alone be a **contrast** to them, and remain sad? I feel only the same imprisonment as they do, and I think I have more reason to be happy."

I therefore laboured to become cheerful; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort.

As I sat sadly in the corner of the jail, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and, sitting by me, entered into conversation.

It has always been my **habit** and custom to enter into conversation with any man who seems to desire it. And this is indeed a wise and reasonable habit, for if the man's conversation is good, I may profit by his instruction; and, if bad, he may be assisted by mine. I found this person a man of strong common-sense. He asked me if I had provided myself with a bed. I had not done so.

"That's unfortunate," said he, "because you are given nothing but **straw** or hay here, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, as you seem to be a gentleman,

and I have been a gentleman myself in my time, I shall be glad to lend you a part of my bed-clothes.

I thanked him, and in doing so I quoted a line of Greek poetry meaning that the world cannot be really sad if one has a friend: I did this to let him see that I was a scholar.

"You talk of the world, sir," said he. "The world is in its old age. And yet the creation of the world has been a mystery to the philosophers of all time . . .," and he went on to quote various Greek and Latin authors in support of his ideas.

"I ask pardon," said I, "for interrupting so much learning, nor do I wish to contradict your opinions—but I think I have heard all this before. Did I not once have the pleasure of seeing you at Welbridge Fair? and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson? I suppose you must recollect me,—Dr. Primrose, from whom you bought a horse?"

C

Prosecute, Display, Evidence, Gaoler (*or* Jailor), Bundle 121

He now at once recollected me; for the darkness of the place had prevented him from seeing my features clearly before.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I remember you perfectly well. I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is prosecuting me as a criminal: he accuses me of making false coins. I am sorry I deceived you—or any man—for you see," continued he, displaying the chains on his arms, "you see what my tricks have brought me to."

"Well, sir," replied I, "the kindness you displayed in helping me shall be repaid. I will do what I can to persuade Mr. Flamborough to withdraw his prosecution; or at least, when he stands up as a witness, not to give evidence against you too harshly. As to the evidence which I shall give, if I am called as a witness, you need not be afraid of that."

"You shall have more than half my bed-clothes," cried

he, "and I'll take care to be your friend in the prison. I think I have some influence here."

We were now prevented from further conversation by the arrival of the jailors who came to call over the prisoners'



"HE THREW DOWN THE BUNDLE OF STRAW."

names and lock up for the night. A fellow with a large bundle of straw led me along a dark narrow passage into a small cell, paved with stone. He threw down the bundle in one corner. There I spread out the straw and made my bed.

CHAPTER 24

LIFE IN THE PRISON

A

S-elĕct, Brutes, (Brutal)

The next morning I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed-side. I gently reproved them for their sorrow, assuring them that I had never slept more peacefully. I next enquired after Olivia, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and they had judged it prudent to leave her behind. I next sent my son to procure a room or two as near to the prison as possible, in which to lodge the family.

This being arranged I selected for each of the family such tasks as they could do. I selected Sophia for the task of watching her sister's health. My wife was to attend on me. The little boys were to read to me. "As for you, my son," I continued, "by the labour of your hands we all have to be supported. This evening you must look out for work, and you must bring home each evening what money you earn."

I then walked down to the common prison where I could enjoy more air and room. But I did not remain long there. The prisoners were behaving as low brutes,—like beasts, rather than men. The air was full of curses, of brutal cries, and foul words. This brutal behaviour drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time, thinking upon the madness of these wretches who, finding mankind their enemies, were labouring to make God their enemy also. It seemed to me to be my duty to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore to return and, in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice.

B

Cough, Lecture, Profane, (Irreverent), (Elsewhere), Worth-while

Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my intention. He laughed heartily at it, but communicated it to the rest.

The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to provide a new kind of entertainment.



"I FOUND MY AUDIENCE VERY MERRY"

I therefore read aloud a portion of the church-service, and found my audience very merry. Vulgar whispers, mock groans of repentance, winking, coughing and other noises in the throat—all these tricks were used to provide laughter. But I continued to read on.

After reading I began to lecture. The following was a part of my lecture :—

"I am sorry," I said, "to hear you using such foul and **profane** language, calling upon the Devil, and speaking profanely and **irreverently** of God. Why do you call upon the Devil and court his friendship, since you have found how badly he treats you? He has given you nothing here but a mouthful of oaths and an empty stomach; and from what I have heard of the Devil he will give you nothing better in the life after death. If we are used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go **elsewhere**. Would it not be **worth-while**, then, just to try how you may like the treatment of another Master, who gives fair promises to all who repent and come to Him? . . ."

When I had concluded, some of them came and shook me by the hand, and said that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to give another lecture next day.

C

Previously, Disguise, Block-head

I went back to my apartment where my wife had prepared a simple meal. Mr. Jenkinson asked if he might add his dinner to ours and join us. He had not **previously** seen my family.

"I have not seen your family before," said he. "These children are too good and handsome for such a place as this. But I think I see here," said he, looking at my son Moses, "one whom I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven."

My son immediately recollected Mr. Jenkinson's voice and features, though he had previously seen him **disguised** as an old man, whereas now Mr. Jenkinson appeared quite youthful.

"I had at that time," said Mr. Jenkinson, "false hair. I have learnt all the art of disguising myself, as a youth of seventeen or as an old man of seventy."

Moses, taking him by the hand, with a smile, forgave him.

"I have deceived wiser men than you in my time," said Mr. Jenkinson, "and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me, and have caught me at last. However," said he, turning to me, "let me know your case, and what has brought you here. Perhaps, though I have not the skill to avoid a jail myself, I may be able to rescue my friends."

I told him my whole story. After hearing it, he paused for some minutes. Then he struck his forehead as if he had thought of something important, and then took his leave, saying that he would see what could be done.

CHAPTER 25

FINAL DISASTERS

A

Countenance, Temple, Release

I had now been in prison a fortnight, but had not been visited by my dear Olivia; and I greatly longed to see her. I communicated my wishes to my wife, and the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment leaning upon her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me: her face was death-like, her temples, in front of the ears, seemed to have sunk in; the skin on her forehead was drawn tight; and a fatal paleness was on her cheeks.

"I am glad to see you, my dear," cried I, "but why are you so dejected? I hope that you love me too much to permit disappointment to ruin your life: for your life is as precious to me as my own. Be cheerful, child, and we may yet see happier days."

"You have ever, sir," replied she, "been kind to me, but I shall never share the happiness which you promise. Happiness is no longer reserved for me here, and I long to be rid of this world in which I have found only distress.

Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill; for that might induce him to release you from prison; and your freedom would give me peace and relief in dying."

"Never, child!" replied I. "I am not unhappy in this place. And, while you continue to live, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another."

B

Obstinate (Obstinacy), Hinder, Reputed, (Reputation), Comply with

After the departure of my daughter Mr. Jenkinson argued with me. He said that I should not be obstinate in refusing a submission which would give me freedom.

"Your refusal," said he, "is caused not by firmness of character, but by a foolish obstinacy. The rest of your family should not be sacrificed to one child alone. You cannot hinder Mr. Thornhill from marrying Miss Wilmot, but can only render their marriage unhappy."

"Sir," replied I, "while my daughter lives no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eyes. If she were removed, I should not attempt to hinder his marriage."

"If, then, you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objection to informing the uncle of your case; for Mr. Thornhill's uncle is reputed to be a very just man indeed, he has the finest reputation in the kingdom for his goodness: there is none who has greater fame for justice than he. I advise you to send him a letter, telling him of his nephew's behaviour. I am sure that within three days you will get an answer."

I thanked him for the suggestion, and decided to comply with it.

"I shall act according to your suggestion," said I; "but I have no paper on which to write. Could you obtain some for me?"

He complied with my request, and I sat down to write.

C

Pillow, Chatter, Oppress, Verbal, Depth [*cf.* Width]

For the next three days I was in a state of anxiety to know what reception my letter might meet with. The third day and the fourth day arrived; but I received no answer. Confinement and bad air began to affect my health, and my arm (which suffered in the fire) became worse. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine. Every message from her increased my apprehension. On the fifth morning after I had sent my letter, I was alarmed by a message that she was speechless. I became so restless that, as I lay on my bed of sickness, I could scarcely keep my head upon my **pillow.** I longed to be near my child, to comfort her, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes.

Another message came: she was expiring.

Some time after this my fellow-prisoner, Mr. Jenkinson, came with the last account.—She was dead.

On the next morning he returned and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were chattering to me and trying to comfort me with their innocent talk.

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless chatter. "As your daughter is now dead," said he, "you should seriously think of the rest of the family and attempt to save your own life, which is every day declining for lack of necessary food and wholesome air."

"There is no pride left in me now," I replied. "Mr. Thornhill has oppressed me; he has injured me; he has taken from me what I hold dearer than all his treasures; he has pained my heart and I am sick almost to death—but I have no feelings of vengeance against my oppressor now. I am now willing to approve of his marriage—if this submission can give him any pleasure. Tell him that if I have done him any injury, I am sorry for it."

Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink and wrote down what

I had said, and I signed my name to it. My son was sent to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill.

In about six hours he returned, not with a written, but with a verbal answer.

"The submission," Mr. Thornhill had said, "is now too late, and unnecessary. I have heard of the letter to my uncle: that letter met with the contempt which it deserved. Future applications should be sent to my lawyer—not to me. I have a very good opinion of the two young ladies, his daughters: they would have been more agreeable messengers."

"Well, sir," said I to Mr. Jenkinson, "you now see the depth of the villainy of the man who oppresses me."

D

Ruffian, [*cf.* Rough] **Woe, Promote, (Promotion), Widow, Orphan**

Just as I spoke, my wife appeared with looks of terror. "My Sophia! My dearest is gone!" she cried. "Snatched from us by **ruffians**!"

As my wife and daughter were taking a walk, a carriage drove up to them, and stopped. A man stepped out, clasped my daughter round the waist, forced her in, and bade the coachman drive on. They were out of sight in a moment.

"Now," cried I, "the sum of my woes and miseries is complete. Nothing on earth can give me any more pain. What! Not one left! Not to leave me one! The brute! To take this child that was nearest to my heart! She had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. Not to leave me one!"

"Alas, my husband," said my wife, "you seem to need comfort even more than I. I could bear this and more, if I only saw you easy. They may take away my children and all the world, if only they leave me you."

My son endeavoured to moderate our grief. "Dear father," said he, "I hope there is still something that will give you a little pleasure. I have a letter from my brother,

George. He is perfectly gay, cheerful and happy. His company of soldiers has not yet left this country. He is likely soon to get promotion, for he is the favourite of his commanding officer, who promises to promote him to a higher rank at an early date."

"Heaven be his guard," said I, "and keep my boy happy, so that he may be the supporter of his widowed mother after I am dead. And may he take care of these two little children, who will be left half-orphaned, when their father is no more. May he preserve their innocence from all temptation, and be their guide in the paths of honour."

E

Clank,[1] Fetters, (Unpardonable), Assault, Desperate, (Un-de*ni*able)

I had scarcely said these words when I heard a loud noise in the prison below. It died away; and then I heard the *clanking* of *fetters* along the passage which led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, his legs and arms confined in the heaviest iron fetters. I looked with pity on the wretch as he approached me; but with horror I found that it was my own son.

"My George! Do I behold you thus? Wounded! Fettered! Is this your happiness? Is this the manner in which you return to me? Oh, that this sight could break my heart at once, and let me die!"

"Be brave, sir," returned my son. "I must suffer. I am condemned to death. Let them take my life."

"My child, you must not die! I am sure no offence of yours can deserve so vile a punishment."

"My offence, sir," replied my son, "is, I fear, an unpardonable one. I received a letter from my mother calling upon me to avenge the disgrace to our family. I immediately set out to punish the betrayer of our honour. I sent him a letter, calling upon him to fight me. He did not

[1] Notice the sound of the word.

come himself, but sent four of the domestic servants from his house to seize me. They attacked me: I wounded the first one who assaulted me; I think I wounded him desperately and that there is no hope of his life. The other three



"IT WAS MY OWN SON"

assaulted me: I fought a desperate battle, without hope of victory. They made me their prisoner. And now the coward is determined to prosecute me in the court of law. The evidence and proofs of my guilt are undeniable, and I see no hope of pardon."

CHAPTER 26

HAPPIER PROSPECTS BEGIN TO APPEAR

A

(Displease), (Re-visit), Mindful, Stout, (In-debted)

The jailor entered. "I hope you will not be **displeased**, as I am only doing my duty, but I must remove your son into a stronger cell. He will be allowed to **revisit** you in the morning."

Grasping my boy's hand, I bade him farewell and urged him to be **mindful** of the great duty that was before him, the duty of meeting his fate with a **stout** heart.

I again lay down. One of my little ones sat by my bedside, reading. Then Mr. Jenkinson entered and informed me that there was news of my daughter. She had been seen about two hours before in the company of a strange gentleman, and they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshments. They seemed as if they were returning to the town.

He had scarcely delivered this news when the jailor came in hastily and informed me that my daughter had been found. Moses came running in a moment later, crying out that his sister was below, and was coming upstairs with our old friend, Mr. Burchell.

My dearest girl entered, almost wild with pleasure, and ran to kiss me.

"Here, papa," she cried, "is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery. To this gentleman's stout heart and stout stick I am **indebted** for my happiness and safety."

A kiss from Mr. Burchell (whose pleasure seemed even greater than hers) interrupted what she was going to add.

B

Delude, Mask, Delusion, Canvas, (Alongside of), Peril, Triumph

"Ah, Mr. Burchell," cried I, "this is a wretched place in which you find us, and very different from that in which you last saw us. You were ever our friend. We have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and have repented of our ingratitude. After the vile treatment which you then received from us, I am almost ashamed to behold your face. Yet I hope you'll forgive me, for I was **deluded** by a base wretch. He wore all the time a smile of friendship, like a painted **mask** put in front of his face to disguise it, while he was really my enemy, and has ruined me."

"It is impossible," replied Mr. Burchell, "that I should forgive you,—for there is nothing to forgive. I partly saw your **delusion** then, but it was out of my power to correct it. I could only pity it."

"But tell me, my child," said I to Sophia, "how were you rescued and who were the ruffians who carried you away?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "I am still ignorant as to the villain who carried me off. The ruffian used every art to hinder me from crying out. He had fixed some thick sail-cloth or **canvas** over the window of the coach. I broke this, and whom should I perceive at some distance but your old friend, Mr. Burchell! He was walking along with his usual swiftness, with a great stick,—the great stick at which we used to laugh so much. I called to him by name and entreated his help. With a loud voice he bade the coachman stop; but the man took no notice, but drove on with greater speed. Then I saw Mr. Burchell come running **alongside** of the horses. With one blow he knocked the coachman to the ground. The horses soon stopped of themselves, and the ruffian stepped out, and drew his sword. 'You are in grave **peril**, sir,' cried he to Mr. Burchell, 'and you will be in even

greater danger of your life unless you instantly retire.' Mr. Burchell, running up, broke the sword to pieces, and pursued the fellow for a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. Mr. Burchell returned to me in triumph, delighted at his victory. The coachman was going to make his escape too, but Mr. Burchell ordered him, on peril of his life, to drive the coach back to the town."

C

Gallant, Recompense, Aware of, At short notice, Waiter

"Welcome, my child," cried I, "and welcome to you, her gallant deliverer. Though our house is wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have gallantly delivered my girl, if you think that she is a recompense, take her as your reward. She is yours. If you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her. Obtain her consent—for I know that she loves you. And, let me tell you, sir, I give you no small treasure."

"I suppose, sir," said Mr. Burchell, "that you are aware of my circumstances, and know that I am unable to support her as she deserves?"

"If this objection means that you do not desire to accept my offer, I say no more. I know no man so worthy of her as you. If thousands of men were seeking her hand in marriage, yet my brave, my gallant Burchell would still be my choice."

To this he made no reply. His silence seemed to be a refusal. Without answering my offer, he sent an order to the inn near by to bring in the best dinner that could be provided at such short notice, also a dozen bottles of their best wine. A waiter from the inn soon came and made ready the dinner table, set out the wine, and brought two very well-cooked dishes.

"A WAITER FROM THE INN MADE READY THE TABLE"

D

(Peril-ous), To damp, Assume, (Majestic), Leisure

17

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's perilous situation, and we were all unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by telling her. But it was in vain that I attempted to be cheerful; I could not help thinking of my son. At last I was compelled to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and asking that he might be permitted to share this little last pleasure with us. I asked also that Mr. Jenkinson might be admitted. The jailor granted my request, with an air of unusual submission.

The clanking of my son's fetters was heard along the passage. His sister ran impatiently to meet him. Mr. Burchell in the meantime asked if my son's name was George. When I replied in the affirmative, he remained silent.

As soon as my boy entered the room I could see that he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. Mr. Burchell perceived that he was recognised. Assuming his natural dignity (even as a king assumes his crown and royal robes), he ordered my son to come forward. Never have I seen anything so majestic as the air our friend assumed upon this occasion.

"I again find," said he, "unthinking boy, that the same crime..."

Here he was interrupted by a jailor who came to inform us that a Person of Distinction had arrived in a coach, with several attendants. The Person sent his respects to the gentleman who was with us, and begged to know when he would be ready to receive him.

"Bid the fellow wait," said our friend, "until I have time and leisure to receive him: I have not leisure for him now; I am busy."

E

(Misguided), Less-en, Shrink

Turning again to my son he proceeded: "I again find that you are guilty of the same offence for which you have once already been reproved by me. For this the Law is now preparing its just punishment. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life allows you to take that of another."

"Alas, sir," I cried, "whoever you really are, pity this poor misguided creature. What he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother. Here, sir, is the letter which will prove to you her imprudence, and will diminish his guilt."

He took the letter and hastily read it over.

"This, said he, "is not a perfect excuse; but it certainly lessens his fault; it induces me to forgive him. And now, sir," he said, taking my son by the hand, "I see that you are surprised at finding me here. I am come to see justice done to a worthy man for whom I have the most sincere esteem.

I have long been a disguised spectator of your father's benevolence. I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect unspoiled by flattery. I have received such happiness, as the courts of kings cannot give, from the amusing simplicity of his fireside. My nephew has been informed that I intended to come here. It would be unjust to condemn him without an examination. I may say, without boasting, that none has ever accused *Sir William Thornhill* of injustice."

We thus found that the person whom we had so long entertained as a harmless, amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill. The poor "Mr. Burchell" was in reality a man of large fortune, a man to whom parliaments and councils listened with applause.

My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink back from him in fear; but Sophia, who a few moments before had thought him her own, now perceived the immense distance between her fortune and his, and was unable to conceal her tears.

F

Piteous, Positive, Outrun, Greedy

"Ah, sir," cried my wife, in a piteous voice, "how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness."

"My dear, good lady," replied he, "there is nobody with whom I can be angry at present except the fellow who so frightened my little girl here. Can you tell me, Sophia, whether you would know him again?"

"Indeed, sir, I can't be positive. I cannot be certain as to his general appearance. But I remember positively that he had a large mark over one of his eyebrows."

"I ask pardon," interrupted Jenkinson, "but will you inform me whether he had red hair?"

"Yes, I think so," cried Sophia.

"And did your Honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "observe the length of his legs?"

"I can't be sure of their length," said Sir William, "but

I am convinced of their swiftness, for he outran me; and I thought that few men in the kingdom could do that."

"Your Honour!" cried Jenkinson, "I know the man. He is the best runner in England. Timothy Baxter is his name. I know where he is hiding at this moment. If you will tell the jailor to let two men go with me, I'll produce him for you in an hour."

Jenkinson was then sent, with two jailors, in search of Baxter.

My little ones came in. Bill climbed up on Sir William's neck to kiss him. He took the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee.

"What, Bill, you fat fellow!" he cried, "do you remember your old friend, Burchell? And Dick too, my honest lad! You shall find I have not forgotten you." So saying he gave each a large piece of cake, which the poor fellows ate very greedily—though they were not ordinarily greedy children; but they had had that morning a very poor breakfast.

We sat down to dinner.

CHAPTER 27

BENEVOLENCE IS REWARDED

A

Disdain (-ful), Profess, Rumour

Just as we finished dinner another message was brought from Mr. Thornhill to his uncle, asking permission to appear, in order to prove his innocence. Sir William complied with this request.

Mr. Thornhill entered with a smile and was going to embrace his uncle, but Sir William repulsed him with a look of disdain. "I despise mere pretence of affection," said he disdainfully; "the only way to my heart is by the road of

honour. But here I see only falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom you professed friendship, is used thus hardly? You declared yourself his friend; but, as a recompense for his hospitality, his daughter has been wronged, and he has himself been thrown into prison."

"I appeared with this gentleman's daughter," replied Mr. Thornhill, "at some places of public amusement. Idle tongues are always ready to start false rumours and to circulate untrue stories from lip to lip. So now a rumour was circulated that I had wronged her. I went to her father myself, wishing to clear up the matter; but he received me with insult and abuse. As for his being here in prison, my lawyer and the manager of my estate can best inform you about that; I commit the management of my business entirely to them. If he has debts and is unwilling or unable to pay them, I see no injustice in using the ordinary legal means of recovering the money."

B

Defy, Challenge (A Challenge), Per-sist [*cf.* Insist]

"If this is as you have stated," replied Sir William, "there is nothing unpardonable in your offence,—though you might have been more generous."

"He cannot contradict a single thing I have said," replied Mr. Thornhill. "I defy him to do so; he dare not do so. I challenge him to do so. My servants will give evidence that what I say is true. Thus my innocence is proved; and I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, except one: he attempted to lessen your esteem for me. This I cannot forgive. He sent you that letter at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life. I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the written challenge that was sent me, calling upon me to fight him. I defy him to deny this. I have two witnesses to prove it. And one of my servants has been dangerously wounded."

"Villain!" cried my wife, "have you not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel your cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child."

"Madam," replied the good man, "I wish, as much as you do, for his safety; but I find his guilt too plain: and, if my nephew persists in the prosecution, nothing can be done."

Just then Jenkinson and the two jailors entered, dragging into the room a tall man, very well dressed.

C

Conscious, [*cf.* Sci-ence] **Consp i re (Conspiracy),** 41 *Detail* **Con-firm,** 1

"Here," said Jenkinson, "here we have Baxter."

*The moment Mr. Thornhill saw the prisoner and Jenkin*son, he seemed to shrink back in terror. His pale face showed that he was **conscious** of his guilt. It was clear now that he knew his own baseness, and was conscious that his villainy was discovered. He tried to withdraw from the room, but Jenkinson became conscious of his intention and stopped him. "What, Squire," cried he, "are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? All great men forget their friends, but we will not forget you." He turned to Sir William. "Your Honour, our prisoner has confessed all. This Baxter is the gentleman reported to be dangerously wounded by the old gentleman's son. He says that it was Mr. Thornhill who told him to carry off Miss Sophia; that Mr. Thornhill gave him the clothes he now wears, and provided the coach. There was a clever **conspiracy** between them; the plot was this: Baxter was to carry off the lady to a place of safety; there he was to threaten and terrify her; then Mr. Thornhill was to come, as if by accident, and rescue her. In this way Mr. Thornhill would have an opportunity of gaining her affections by appearing as her defender. So did they conspire to deceive an innocent girl."

Sir William recognised the coat as having been worn by his nephew, and this confirmed one detail of the story. The prisoner himself confirmed the story in every detail, and added some details which had been left out by Jenkinson. Mr. Thornhill, he added, had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

D

Humility, **Magistrate**
17
[*cf.* Humble]

"Heavens!" cried Sir William, "what a villain I have been holding in my bosom! And he seemed to be so fond of public justice! He shall have it."

Mr. Thornhill, with the greatest **humility**, entreated that two such low wretches should not be admitted as witnesses against him, but that his own servants should be examined.

"Your servants!" said Sir William. "They are your servants no longer; but let us hear what they have to say. Call his butler."

When the butler was brought in, he perceived his former master's power was ended.

"Tell me," cried Sir William sternly, "have you ever seen your master and this fellow in company together?"

"Yes, your Honour," cried the butler; "I have seen them a thousand times. He was the man that always brought him his ladies."

"Now," cried Jenkinson, "tell Sir William whether you know anything of me."

"I can't say that I know much good of you. The night that old gentleman's daughter was brought to our house, you were one of them."

"Do you tell me, Butler," asked Sir William, "that this was the person who brought the old gentleman's daughter?"

"No, he did not bring her. The Squire himself did that; but he brought the priest who pretended to marry them."

"It is too true," cried Jenkinson. "I can't deny it."

"Good heavens," exclaimed Sir William, "all his guilt is now plain. Jailor, set free this young officer who is now your prisoner. The magistrate who heard the case against Mr. George is my friend; I will explain the whole matter to the magistrate, and get from him an order to release him."

E

In-effectual, Congratulate, Military Uniform

Just at this moment who should appear but Miss Arabella Wilmot, and her father. As they passed they had seen one of my little boys playing in the street. She learned from him of my misfortunes, but had not heard that Mr. Thornhill was the cause. Her father protested that it was not proper for her to go into a prison to visit us; yet his protests were ineffectual; she ordered the child to conduct her to us.

She imagined that Mr. Thornhill had come to assist us! "Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill," she cried, "it is unkind of you to come here without me, and never inform me of the misfortunes of a family so dear to us both. You know I should take as much pleasure in helping them as you do. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret."

"He find pleasure in doing good!" cried Sir William. "No, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. He is a complete villain. He deceived this poor man's daughter, conspired against her sister, threw her father into prison, and put the eldest son into fetters because he had the courage to face her betrayer. I am delighted at your good luck in escaping marriage with such a creature; I congratulate you, and rejoice with you in your good fortune."

"Oh, goodness!" cried the lovely girl, "how I have been deceived! Mr. Thornhill told me that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain George Primrose, had gone off to America with his new-married lady."

"My sweetest Miss," cried my wife, "he has told you nothing but falsehood. My son George never left the

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"No, he did not bring her. The Squire himself did that; but he brought the priest who pretended to marry them."

"It is too true," cried Jenkinson. "I can't deny it."

"Good heavens," exclaimed Sir William, "all his guilt is now plain. Jailor, set free this young officer who is now your prisoner. The magistrate who heard the case against Mr. George is my friend; I will explain the whole matter to the magistrate, and get from him an order to release him."

E

In-effectual, Congratulate, Military Uniform

Just at this moment who should appear but Miss Arabella Wilmot, and her father. As they passed they had seen one of my little boys playing in the street. She learned from him of my misfortunes, but had not heard that Mr. Thornhill was the cause. Her father protested that it was not proper for her to go into a prison to visit us; yet his protests were ineffectual; she ordered the child to conduct her to us.

She imagined that Mr. Thornhill had come to assist us! "Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill," she cried, "it is unkind of you to come here without me, and never inform me of the misfortunes of a family so dear to us both. You know I should take as much pleasure in helping them as you do. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret."

"He find pleasure in doing good!" cried Sir William. "No, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. He is a complete villain. He deceived this poor man's daughter, conspired against her sister, threw her father into prison, and put the eldest son into fetters because he had the courage to face her betrayer. I am delighted at your good luck in escaping marriage with such a creature; I congratulate you, and rejoice with you in your good fortune."

"Oh, goodness!" cried the lovely girl, "how I have been deceived! Mr. Thornhill told me that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain George Primrose, had gone off to America with his new-married lady."

"My sweetest Miss," cried my wife, "he has told you nothing but falsehood. My son George never left the

kingdom, nor was ever married. Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of anyone else."

My son now entered, dressed in his military uniform, and he looked a very fine soldier—as handsome a fellow as ever wore military dress.



"DRESSED IN HIS MILITARY UNIFORM"

Miss Wilmot's tears and looks revealed the true feelings of her heart. "I have been deceived, basely deceived," she cried. "Nothing else could have made me break my promise to you. If I cannot be yours, I will never be another's."

We had now the joy of seeing them fly into each other's arms.

F

Match, Ex-change

"I find," said Mr. Thornhill, "that I can expect no justice here, but I am resolved that justice shall be done to me. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's fortune from me; the bond for the money is safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for the match. If I keep the fortune, let any who wishes take the other."

This was an alarming thought. Sir William was conscious of the justice of his nephew's claim to the fortune, for he had himself drawn up the marriage-agreement when the match was arranged.

Miss Wilmot, seeing her fortune lost, turned to my son and asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him.

"I protest," cried he, "that your lack of fortune increases my pleasure, for it will convince you of the sincerity of my love."

"Then let the wretch take my fortune. Since you are happy without it, so am I. Oh, what an exchange I have made! I have exchanged from the worst of men to the dearest and best."

"How!" cried Jenkinson. "—Pray tell me, your Honour," he said, turning to Sir William, "can Mr. Thornhill have this lady's fortune if he is already married to another?"

"How can you ask such a foolish question?" replied Sir William. "Of course he cannot."

"Then I must declare that his marriage-contract is worth nothing; for he is married already."

"You lie!" cried the Squire. "I was never legally married to any woman."

"I beg your pardon; you were. I hope you will be properly grateful to your own honest Jenkinson who will now bring you your wife."

He went off, and in a few minutes returned.

"Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter? Do I hold her? It is, it is! "I thought you lost, Olivia!" I cried. "Yet still I hold you, and you shall live to bless me."

"This woman," said Jenkinson to Mr. Thornhill, "is your lawfully wedded wife. Here is the licence." He put the licence in Sir William's hand. "He told me to procure for him a false licence and a false priest. But I got a true licence and a true priest, and married both of them as tightly as priest can bind them. My plan was to keep the licence and get money by threatening the Squire with it later on."

"But how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death?" I asked.

"Your question," replied Jenkinson, "is easily answered. I thought that the only means of freeing you from prison was to make you submit to the Squire and consent to his marriage with the other young lady. But you had vowed never to submit nor consent while your daughter was living. There was therefore no other method of freeing you except by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join this conspiracy; and we have not had an opportunity of undeceiving you until now."

G

Obligation, [*cf.* Obliged] **Com-*bi*-ne**

Mr. Thornhill's assurance had now entirely forsaken him. He fell on his knees before his uncle, and begged for mercy.

"Your vices and crimes," said Sir William, "deserve no mercy; but you shall not be entirely forsaken. You shall be given just enough money to support life. This lady, your wife, shall be put in sole possession of the rest. She will be the sole and only guardian of the estate which once was yours. From her tenderness alone can you expect anything further."

As soon as Mr. Thornhill had left us, Sir William looked round.

"I think now," he said, "that all the company—except one, or two—are perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are aware, sir, of the obligations and gratitude which we owe to Mr. Jenkinson. We should reward him. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune."

My girl sank into her mother's arms.

"Have him, sir!" she cried faintly. "No, sir, never! I'd sooner die!"

"If that be the case," said Sir William, "if you will not have him, I think I must have you myself."

So saying he caught her eagerly to his breast. "My loveliest and most sensible of girls," he cried, "how could you ever think that your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a lady that loved him for himself alone. I have for many years sought for a woman who, ignorant of my fortune, could think that I had merit solely as a man. After having tried in vain, how great at last is my joy to have made a conquest of one who combines such good sense with such heavenly beauty." Then turning to Mr. Jenkinson he said, "As I cannot, sir, part with this lady myself, all the recompense I can make is to give you her fortune. You may call upon my lawyer to-morrow for five hundred pounds."

* * * * * * * * *

H

Arrest, Creditor, (Needless), (Joy-ous), (Un-speakable), Advers-ity

The next morning, as soon as I was awakened, I found my eldest son sitting by my bedside, who came to increas my joy by telling me of another turn of fortune in my favo For he told me that my merchant who had faile losing all my money, had been caught and police in Antwerp. There he had been fo

far more than was owed to his creditors; so that all the creditors to whom he owed money would be repaid in full.

* * * * * * * * *

It is needless for me to describe the joyous double wedding which was celebrated in the village church, nor the marriage feast afterwards, in which all combined together to make innocent mirth and jollity. Nor was our neighbour Flamborough, with his two daughters, forgotten.

As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom I had the table taken away, so that I might have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by the cheerful fireside. My two little ones sat on my knee, and the others sat each by their partners. I had nothing now to wish for; all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable.

One thing only remains for me. As I have learnt patience and submission in adversity, so I must learn in good fortune to be grateful.



MEANINGS OF NEW WORDS

[The exact meaning in this particular context only is given. The teacher may usefully discuss and illustrate wider uses if time permits.]

[Some of the bracketed words of the text, whose meanings present no difficulty, are omitted here.]

CHAPTER 1

A

Population. The number of people in a country; the people in a country.

Excel. To be better than.

Fatigue. Weariness.

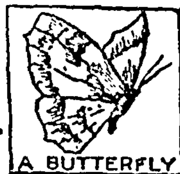
B

Kinsman. A person of the same family; a relative.

Kinship. Relation-ship.

Get rid of —. To free oneself from; to remove.

Butterfly . . . .



A BUTTERFLY

Orchard. A field containing fruit-trees.

Squire. The chief land-owner in a district.

Sermon. A talk about religion (usually given in a church).

C

Hardy. Strong and healthy.
Decline. To slope downwards.
Courtier. A person who attends at the court of a king.
Debtor. A person who owes a debt.
Interval. The space lying between two things. The time between two events.



D

Fruitless. Useless.
Aye. Yes.
Topic. Subject of conversation.
Profession. Kind of work, employment (used only of learned employment such as doctor, lawyer, *etc.*).

CHAPTER 2

A

Misfortune. Bad fortune; bad luck.
A fortune. Wealth.
Bachelor. An unmarried man.
Recommend. To speak well of.

B

Precede. To go in front of.
Concert. A musical entertainment.
A pack of cards . . . .



C

Favourite. Most favoured, best loved.
Discuss. To give and receive opinions on a subject. To talk about a subject.
Argue. To give reasons for an opinion.

D

Return. To reply.
Incline. To lean towards.

CHAPTER 3

A

Poverty. The state of being poor.
Fortnight. Fourteen days.
Salary. Payment, wage.

D

Prudent. Wise and careful.
Humble. Not proud.
Gentility. Superiority of birth, manners, and social position,—the state of being a "Gentleman."
Take leave of. To bid farewell to.
Guinea. £1 1s.
Righteous. Good, virtuous.
Land-lord. Owner of land, squire.

C



Policeman. An officer of the law.
Charity. Kindness, generosity.
Charitable = kind, generous.
Entreat. To ask earnestly, beg.

D

Borrow. To get the use of a thing for a short time, promising to give it back afterwards.
Benevolent. Eager to do good. **Benevolence** = eagerness to do good. (Latin, *Bene* = well; *volens* = wishing.)
Liberal. Generous.
Restore. To bring back into its former condition.
Moderate. Not extreme, not too much.

E

Rescue. To save from danger.

CHAPTER 4

A

Cultivate. To prepare the land and get crops from it.
Witty. Clever and amusing (especially "clever in using words").
Wit = cleverness in the use of words.
Acre. A measure of land, 4840 square yards.
Storey (of house) . . . .




A SHELF

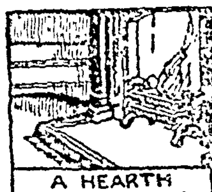
B

Parlour. Sitting-room.

Shelf.

Kneel (Knelt). To go down on the knees.


TO KNEEL

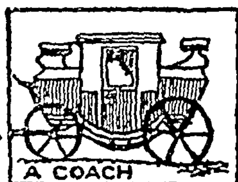

A HEARTH

Hearth. Fire-place.

C

Finery. Fine clothes.

Coach. A large carriage . . . .


A COACH

Interrupt. Inter- = between [*cf.* Interval]: -rupt = break [*cf.* Corrupt]. So Inter-rupt = to break into the middle of (another person's speech).

Becoming. Graceful and suitable.

Waistcoat . . . .


A WAISTCOAT

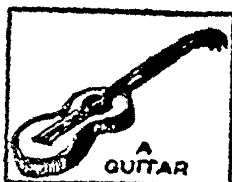
CHAPTER 5

A

Extensive. Large, extending wide.

Landscape. Piece of scenery; view of the country.

Guitar . . . .





Stag . . . .

Foremost. First; in front.

B

Estate. A large piece of land.

Repulse. (Noun formed from To repel.) A driving away.

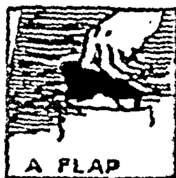
Acquaint. To make known. To be acquainted with = to know. An acquaintance = a person whom one knows, a friend.

Applaud. To praise; to show that one approves by beating the hands together (clapping).

Taste. Here the word "taste" means "Good judgment in (music)."

Stuck. The past form of To stick.

Flap (of pocket) . . . .



C

Protest. 1. To say solemnly. 2. To express disagreement with; to say that one disapproves of.

Discourage. To take away the courage or hopes of.

Mamma. Mother.

Contempt. "To feel contempt for" = to despise. Contemptible = which should be despised.

CHAPTER 6

A

Undertake (a task). To promise to perform.
Hospitality. Friendly reception of guests.
Overcome. To conquer.
Ability. The state of being able to do a thing; skill, cleverness.

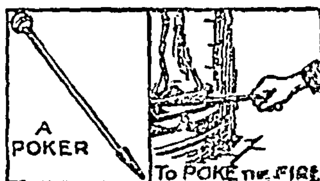
B



Cock . . . .
Crow. To utter the cry of a cock.
Unforeseen. Not seen (or thought of) before.
Instance. Example.

C

Reprove. To blame, to scold.
Strove. Past form of To strive.
Poke. To push with the end of (the finger, or of a stick, or poker).
Poker. An iron rod used for poking or stirring the coals of a fire.



CHAPTER 7

A

Propose. To offer; to put forward an idea.
Hearty. Real, felt in the heart.
Oath. To use oaths = to swear. An oath = a foul word.
Jest. A joke.
Pretence. Noun formed from To pretend,—a pretending.

B

Notwithstanding. In spite of.
Debate. To debate, to talk about, to discuss. A debate = a discussion.
Merit. Goodness, virtues.
Induce. The root *duc* = to lead. To in-duce = to lead into; to lead a person to do a thing; to persuade.
Own. To admit that; to confess.

CHAPTER 8

A

Unpromising. Not seeming likely to be successful.
Frequent. Happening often.
Frequency = frequent occurrence.
Amiable. Lovable.
To dine. To eat dinner.
Hedge. A fence of bushes.
Crumb. A very small piece of bread or food.


A HEDGE

B

Recite. To say aloud.
Report. The sound made by firing a gun.
Startle. To surprise and frighten.
Affirm. To state as a fact. "To answer in the affirmative" = to say yes.

C

Errand. A short journey upon which a person is sent, *e.g* to carry a message.

Refreshments. Food and drink.

Reward. Payment for some service done.

Miss. The title given to an unmarried lady (as Mrs. is the title of a married lady).

Capable of. Able to. Capability = ability.

Sex. "The female sex" = women. "The male sex" = men. "The two sexes" = men (as a group) and women (as a group).

CHAPTER 9

A

Introduce. This word has already been met in VI/8/J, meaning "to lead into." Here it means to make known one person to another. "Mrs. Smith, I wish to introduce this gentleman to you. His name is Mr. Brown; he is a teacher in our school."

Object to. To protest against; to dislike. **An objection** = a protest, a statement of disagreement or dislike.

Quest. Search.

Shove. To push.

Flock. A flock = a large number of animals of one kind all collected together, *e.g.* "A flock of sheep." **To flock** = to move as a crowd.

Apprehend. To fear. Apprehensive = afraid.

To catch cold. A cold = an illness, a feverish condition with running of liquid from the nose and soreness of the throat. **To catch cold** = to catch *a* cold = to become ill in this manner.

Gross. Coarse, not polite.

Sweat. Liquid which comes out of the pores of the skin when the body is hot. **To sweat** = to have liquid coming out of the skin in this way.

B

Refine. To make pure. Refined = pure, polite. (The word is used of gold. "To refine gold" = to melt it and free it from im-pur-ities.)

Put . . . in the shade. To shine so brightly that other objects appear to be in darkness; to excel.

To ask a favour. To ask for a special kindness.

Suppress. To press down, to control.

To second. To support. (The first speaker puts forward an idea; the *second* speaker speaks in favour of it.)

Sullen. Angry in a dull quiet way.

CHAPTER 10

A

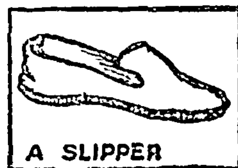
-mas. Michael-mas = the *feast-day of* St. Michael.

Eve. The evening before, *e.g.* Christmas eve = the evening before Christmas day.



Party. A social gathering; to give a party = to entertain, to hold a social gathering.

Goose . . . .



Slipper. A loose shoe worn inside the house . . . .

Thump. 1. The sound made by hitting a soft object. 2. A blow struck upon a soft object. **To thump** = to hit.

B

Vulgar. Of the common people; coarse and im-polite.

Take a fancy to. To feel a sudden liking for.

Exalt. To lift up. Exalted = high.

Duke. An English lord. (From the root *duc* = a leader, *cf.* Induce.)

Fudge. A vulgar word meaning " Nonsense."

C

Struck with. Interested by.

Latter. Said later.

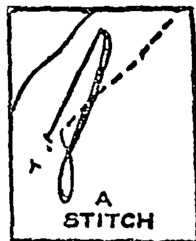
Sum. The total obtained by adding up figures:

Qualify. To make suitable for. (-fy = make; quali- = of the quality.)

Suggest. To put forward an idea. A suggestion = an idea or plan suggested.

Pretty. Rather.

Stitch. To stitch = to use a needle, to make stitches. A stitch = the result of *one* movement of a needle . . . .



D

Eloquent. Able to speak well. Eloquence = fine speaking.
Madam. French *Ma* = my; *dam(e)* = lady.
Cautious. Careful, avoiding risks. Caution = carefulness.

CHAPTER 11

A

Scheme. Plan.
Taken with. Attracted by, pleased with.
Obliging. Ready to serve others.
Impress. To press an idea into the mind of a person.
Pious. Religious. Piety = religiousness, earnestness in religious matters.

B

A fair. A gathering for the buying and selling of goods.


A FAIR

Prevail upon. Persuade.

C

A card. A piece of thick paper (on which a message is written).
Regard for. Feeling of friendship towards.

Communicate. To make common with another. To pass on (news) to another. Communion = a joining or fellowship with others.

Reflection. The image of an object seen in a looking-glass.

Utmost. Greatest.

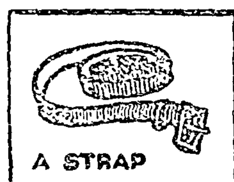
Diffidence. Lack of confidence; lack of trust.

D


TO SPLIT

To abuse. To call bad names. Abuse = bad names, curses.

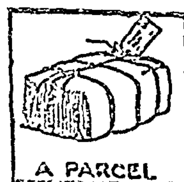
Split. To break into strips (as wood is split by an axe). "To split one's sides with laughing" = to laugh loudly and un-controlled-ly.


A STRAP

A strap. A strip of leather. To strap = to fix with a strap.


A SLY LOOK

Sly. A sly person is one who is clever and deceiving in a quiet way. "A sly look" = the look given by such a person.


A PARCEL

Parcel. A thing packed up in paper . . . . .

Rim. The outer ring of a wheel (or other round object).

A gross. Twelve dozen, 144.

E

Ounce. A pound of gold or silver contains twelve ounces. A pound of other (not precious) material contains sixteen ounces.

Stuff. Material.

Impose upon. (Im- = into, onto; -pose = put [*cf.* Position].) To put an unfair or unjust load on a person; to deceive a person.

F

Cheat. A deceiver, a person who obtains money by dishonest tricks. **To cheat** = to deceive.

Prey. The animal hunted (by a lion or other fierce beast).

Security (for debt). *Example*, I borrow £1 from Mr. Smith, and give him my gold ring as "security." If I do not repay the pound, Mr. Smith will sell my ring. Thus my ring makes Mr. Smith safe (secure) in lending me the money.

Dispose of. Sell.

CHAPTER 12

A

Endeavour. Attempt. **To endeavour** = to try, to attempt.

Take advantage of. Make good use of. Obtain advantage (benefit) from.

Impressive, Impressively. In such a way as to impress (fix) it in the mind.

Dispute. (Dis- = apart; -pute = think.) To think differently, to quarrel.

Dissuade. To persuade a person *not* to do a thing.

Inflame. To set on fire.

Quit. Leave, depart from.

B

Assurance. The feeling of being sure, feeling of certainty. "To have an air of assurance" = to look as if one was sure of being right.

Harsh. Rough, hard.

Motive. That desire which causes (moves) a person to do a thing [*cf.* Motion].

Prospect. (Pro- = in front; -spect = seen.) A prospect = that which is seen in front, that which may be expected.

Reflection. Thought.

Quit of. Free from.

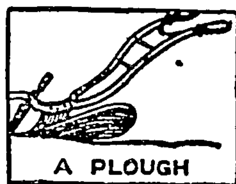
CHAPTER 18

A

Mishap. Unfortunate happening (event).

Dispense with. To do without. Indispensable, Indispensably necessary = which cannot be done without; which must be possessed.

Plough. An instrument used for turning over the soil . . . .


A PLOUGH

Transaction. Act of selling or buying.

B

Trot. To run at a moderate pace.

Gallop. To run at full speed (of a horse or other four-footed beast).

Customer. Buyer.

Situated. Placed.

C

Situation. Position, condition.
Intent on. Closely attending to.
Revere. To treat with awe and respect. Reverence = awe, respect. Venerable = worthy of respect.
Apologize. To express regret for some error or offence. An apology = an expression of regret.

D

Resume. To take again, to begin again.
Sincere. Real (feeling).
Curious. Eager to learn.
Instantaneous. Immediate.

E

Refer to. To speak about, to mention.
Scholar. A learned man.
Mild. Gentle.
Insensible. Which cannot be perceived by the senses. Insensibly = in such a way as not to be sensed, or noticed.
Note. A piece of paper used instead of actual money (gold).

F

Make a deal. To do a business transaction (to buy or sell).
Draft. A written order to another person to pay a certain sum of money.
To sign (name). To write one's name.

Rogue. A dishonest man, a cheat.
Rascal. A rogue, a dishonest man.
Villain. A wicked man.
Groan. A deep sound expressing pain or grief.

G

Naughty. Badly behaved, disobedient.
Malevolent. (*Male-* = evil; *-volent* = wishing.) Wishing evil to others.
Malicious. Wishing to do harm to others.

CHAPTER 14

A

Engage. To bind by a promise, to promise. An engagement = a promise (*e.g.* to see Mr. X on a certain day). "Engaged our attention" = attracted our attention.

B

Consequence. (*Con-* = with; *-sequ* = follow.) That which follows behind an event,—the result.
Severe. Harsh, unforgiving, not gentle.
Vile. Base, very bad.
Interview. A meeting with a person.

C

Presume. Dare.
Wretched. Unhappy, contemptible. A wretch = a contemptible person.
Vice. Bad practices. *e.g.* drinking and low amusements.

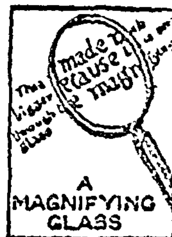
CHAPTER 15

A

Design. Plan, scheme.

Cunning. Clever, sly.

Magnify. To cause to appear great . . . . . .


A MAGNIFYING GLASS

Pudding. A dish of cooked food (usually sweet, *e.g.* a fruit pudding, milk pudding, *etc.*).

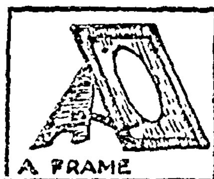
B

Artist. A painter (or drawer) of pictures.

Rival. Two rivals = two persons attempting to obtain the same thing, *e.g.* rivals for the love of a lady; rivals for a prize at school.

Compose. (Com- = together; -pose = put.) To arrange in a beautiful manner. **Composition** = beautiful arrangement.

Frame. The wooden border enclosing a picture . . . .


A FRAME

C

Dismay. Painful surprise.

Circulate. To go round in a circle.

Malice. Desire to do harm; hatred.

Execute. (*Ex-* = out; *-sequ* = follow.) To follow through to the end; to carry out a plan.

D

Accomplishment. Skill, *e.g.* in music, painting, sewing, *etc.*

Sound. Free from faults, of good quality.

Prosecute. (*Pro-* = forward; *-sequ* = follow.) To carry on a task; to go on with a plan.

CHAPTER 16

A

Revive. (Re- = again; -vive = give life to.) To give new life to.

Vitality. Life and strength.

Dejected. Cast down, sad.

Endure. To suffer.

Fidelity. Faithfulness.

Meantime. Mean- = middle. "In the meantime" = in the time between to-day and the future day fixed (for the wedding).

B

Monarch. King.

Stain. To stain (of a liquid) = to sink into a material and change its colour. A stain = a stained mark upon a clean cloth (or other material).

Ancestors. Grandparents, great-grandparents, *etc.*

C

Rob. To steal. Robber = a thief.

Violence. Great and uncontrolled force. Violent = powerful and uncontrolled.

Provoke. To rouse the anger of. (*Pro-* = forward; *-voc* = call.) "Without provocation" = without cause or reason.
Reproach. To scold, to blame.
Miss. To feel the lack of, to regret the absence of.
Ease. To make easy, to make more comfortable.

CHAPTER 17

A

Villager. A person living in a village.
Resemble. To look like.
By no means. Not in any way, not at all.
Frank. Sincere, truthful.
To race. To run fast; to run in rivalry with others for a prize.
Horse-races . . . .
Overtake. To come up to, to catch.



B

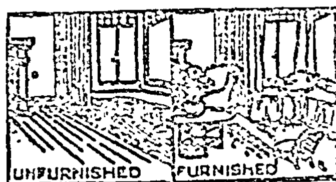
Undergo. To suffer.
Temperature. Heat. "My temperature" = the heat of my body.
Mob. A dis-order-ly crowd.
Partake. To take a part of.
Politics. Affairs of government.
Parliament. England is governed by two councils, the House of Lords and the House of Commons. These two together make up Parliament.

CHAPTER 18

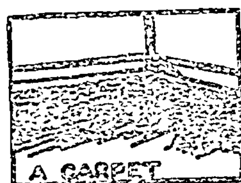
A

Magnificent. Splendid.

Furniture. The tables, chairs, beds, *etc.*, with which a house is furnished.



Carpet. A covering for the floor . . . . .



Lively. Full of life, active.

B

Discourse. Talk, sermon.

Diminution. To diminish [VI/6/U] = to make less. Diminution = a making less.

Befall you. Fall onto you = happen to you.

Rap. A knock.

C

Relate. To tell (a story).

Promptly. At once.

Unconcerned. Uninterested.

Good-natured. Kind.

Reject. (Re- = back; -ject = throw.) To throw back a thing offered; to refuse.

D

Summon. To call.
Ticket. A card or paper which admits a person to (a theatre, train, etc.).
Pronounce. To utter (words).
Bade. Told. Past form of To bid [*cf.* Forbid, forbade].
Mirror. Looking-glass.

CHAPTER 19

A

Decline. To refuse.
Purse. A small bag used for carrying money.
Coin. A piece of money.


COINS

B

Boarding-school. A school in which boys board, in which they eat, and sleep at night.
Appetite. Desire for food, interest in eating.
Crust. The hard outside part of a loaf of bread.
Starve. To suffer from lack of food.
Critic. One who judges the merit of a book [or picture or play, *etc.*] To criticise = to judge the merit of a book, *etc.*

C

Tidy. Neat, in good order.

University. A place in which teaching is given in many subjects to men (and women) aged 18 upwards.

Smart (clothes). Neat, tidy, of the latest fashion.

Job. Task, employment.

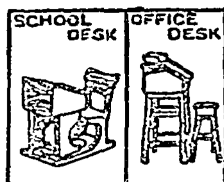
Universal (-ly). Of all people, done by all people.

Passage. Sea voyage. A passenger = a traveller on a ship.

D

Recollect. To call to mind, to remember.

Desk. A writing-table . . . .



Library. A room in which a collection of books is kept.

Fairly. Rather. "A fair voice" = a rather good voice.

E

Peasant. A country-man.

Procure. To obtain.

Packet. A small parcel.

Board. Food.

Pay respects to. To make a visit to a person in order to greet him respectfully.

Abroad. In a foreign land.

CHAPTER 20

A

Vicious. Bad, given up to vices. "The vicious" = vicious men.

Appeal to. Beg, entreat.

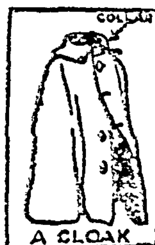
Disgrace. Shame, loss of honour.

Inclination. Desire. [*Cf.* Incline, 2/D above.]

B

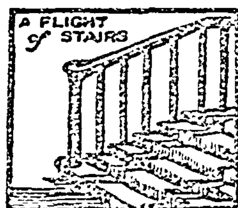
Wrap. To envelop (or fold up) in a cloth.

Cloak. A loose coat worn outside the house . .



Collar. The neck-band of a coat.

Profit. Gain.



C

Flight (of stairs).

Stern. Severe, harsh.

Otherwise. Unless this is done; in any other circumstances.

Condemn. 1. To decide that a person is guilty. 2. To blame a person for fault.

D

Plot. A secret scheme to do harm.

Expose. (*Ex-* = out: *-pose* = put.) To put out in the open. To make known to all.

Ceremony. A religious service (consisting of singing, speaking, *etc.*) done in a church.

Legal. According to law.

Licence. A written permission to (get married, drive a motor-car, *etc.*).

Dignity. Self-respect, honour.

Indignity. An insult.

Indignation. A feeling of anger and contempt (such as is caused by an insult).

CHAPTER 21

A

Progress. To move forward.

Hover. (The word is used of birds.) To hang in the air over a place.

An abode. A dwelling-place, a house.

Hound. A dog, especially one used for hunting.

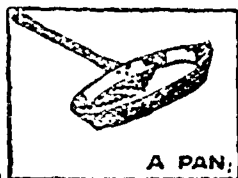
B

Pavement. Flat stones laid down as a surface for a path.

Snatch. To seize quickly.

Reserve. To keep back (to save) for use on a future occasion.

Pan. A flat open vessel used in cooking.


A PAN.

C

Meanwhile. In the interval, in the meantime.

Conciliate. To gain the friendship of an enemy by kindness.

Reconcile. To make persons friendly again after a quarrel.

To mark. To notice, to attend to, to remember.

Harmony. 1. A union of musical notes in a manner pleasing to the ear, as when two persons sing together. 2. Agreement.

CHAPTER 22

A

Disaster. Sudden great misfortune.

To pine. To waste away with grief.

Afflict. To grieve, to trouble. Affliction = grief.

Defeat. To conquer in battle; to cause to fail.

Mirth. Being merry, merri-ment.

Jollity. Being jolly, happiness.

Bridegroom. The man on his wedding-day.

B

Pitiful. 1. Worthy of pity. 2. Contemptible.

Injure. To do wrong to. Injury = wrong, harm.

Sting. To prick and to cause sharp pain to (*e.g.* the sting of a bee).

C

Bond. A written promise to pay money.

Once for all. This once, and for all future time.

Retain. To keep.

D

Annual. For one year.
Herd. A number of cattle collected together.
Sale. The act of selling.
Gaol (Jail). Prison.

CHAPTER 23

A

Feeble. Weak.
Fatal. Ending in death.
Interpose. To put between.
Apartment. Room.
Paved. Covered with flat stones [*cf.* Pavement, 21/B above].
Cell. A small room, *e.g.* in a prison.

B

Lament. Mourn, weep.
Contrary. Opposite. "On the contrary" = opposite to my expectations.
Contrast. To contrast = to set two things near each other so as to show the great difference between them. A contrast = a great difference so shown.
Habit. Custom.
Straw. Dry corn after the grain has been taken out of it.
Bed-clothes. The sheets and wool-l-en coverings of a bed.
Quote. To repeat the words of an author.
Contradict. To say the opposite, to deny the truth of what has just been said. (Contra- = opposite: -dict = say.)

C

Prosecute. To take legal action against a person.
Display. To show.
Evidence. Things said by a witness.
Jailor (Gaoler). The guardian of the prisoners in a jail.
Bundle. A number of things tied loosely together.

CHAPTER 24

A

Select. *To choose* [*cf.* Elect, V/10].
Brute. A mere animal.

B

Cough. To expel air suddenly from the wind-pipe.
Lecture. A discourse, a talk, a sermon.
Profane. Insulting to religion; using God's name in vain.
Worth-while. Worth spending the time.

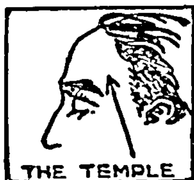
C

Previously. Before.
Disguise. To alter one's appearance by painting the face, wearing false hair, *etc.*
Blockhead. Fool.

CHAPTER 25

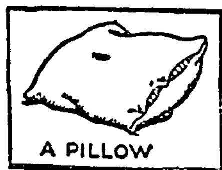
A

Countenance. Face.
Temple ....
Release. Set free.



B

Obstinate. Not moved by any argument, unreasonably firm.
Hinder. To prevent.
Reputed. Thought to be.
Reputation. Fame.
Comply with. Act according to a request; do as asked.



C

Pillow.
Chatter. To talk quickly and about unimportant things.
Oppress. Treat harshly and cruelly.
Verbal (answer). Spoken by word of mouth, not written [*cf.* Verb, and Word].
Depth. Deep-ness.

D

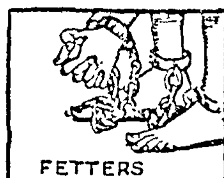
Ruffian. Rough law-less villain.
Woe. Sorrow.

Promote. Raise to a higher office.

Widow. A wife whose husband is dead.

Orphan. A child whose parents are dead.

E


FETTERS

Clank. The sound made by shaking a chain.

Fetters. Iron bands holding the hands or feet of a prisoner.

Assault. Attack.

Desperate. [*Cf.* Despair]. "Desperately wounded" = wounded so that there is no hope of his living. "To fight desperately" = to fight wildly and furiously as if without hope of victory.

CHAPTER 28

A

Mindful. "To be mindful of" = to remember.

Stout. Strong, resolute, brave.


A MASK

Mask.

Delude. To deceive.

A delusion. A false belief.

Canvas. Coarse cloth, such as is used for sails.

Peril. Great danger.

Triumph. Joy of success.

C

Gallant. Brave.
Recompense. Repay, reward.
Aware of. Informed of. "You are aware of" = you know.
At short notice. Warned only a short time before. "Without notice" = without warning.
Waiter. A man who carries food to the table in an hotel.

D

To damp (her cheerfulness). To make less (as a fire is put out by putting damp wood on it).
Assume. To take upon oneself. To put on.
Majestic. Full of majesty; proud and noble in appearance.
Leisure. Spare time.

E

Lessen. To make less.
Shrink. To draw back from a person in fear.

F

Piteous. Sad, such as causes pity.
Positive. Sure, certain.
Outrun. Run faster than.
Greedy. Too eager for food, too much interested in food.

CHAPTER 27

A

Disdain. Contempt.

Profess. To represent oneself as feeling. "He professed friendship for me" = he said that he was my friend.

Rumour. General talk (which is probably untrue).

B

Defy. To express disbelief in the power of a person. "I defy him to do it" = I say that he has not the power to do it.

Challenge. 1. To call upon a person to do something. 2. To call a person out to fight.

Persist. To continue to do something in spite of difficulties or requests not to do it. (Per- = through; -sist = stand.)

C

Conscious. Aware of, knowing.

Conspire. To make a plot. Conspiracy = a plot, a scheme.

Confirm. To make more firm, to prove the truth of a statement.

Detail. A small part of a thing; one small line in a picture, one small event in a story.

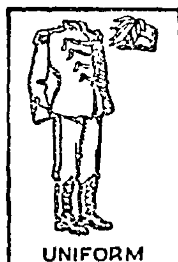
D

Humility. Humbleness.

Magistrate. An officer of the Law, a judge.

E

Ineffectual. Producing no effect.
Congratulate. To express pleasure at another person's good fortune.
Military. Of a soldier.
Uniform. Uni- = one: -form. Not changing its form; all in the same form. When all the members of a group (*e.g.* Soldiers, Boy Scouts) wear the same dress, that dress is called a uniform . . . .


UNIFORM

F

Match. Marriage.
To exchange. To change one thing for another.

G

Obligation. Debt.
Combine. (Com- = together [*cf.* Company]; bi- = two [*cf.* Bicycle, VI/4/E]). So Com-bine = to join two things together.

H

Arrest. To seize (and put in prison).
Creditor. The person to whom money is owed.
Adversity. Misfortune.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF NEW WORDS

(The figures refer to chapters, the letters to the sections, in which the word first occurs)

T

U

V

W